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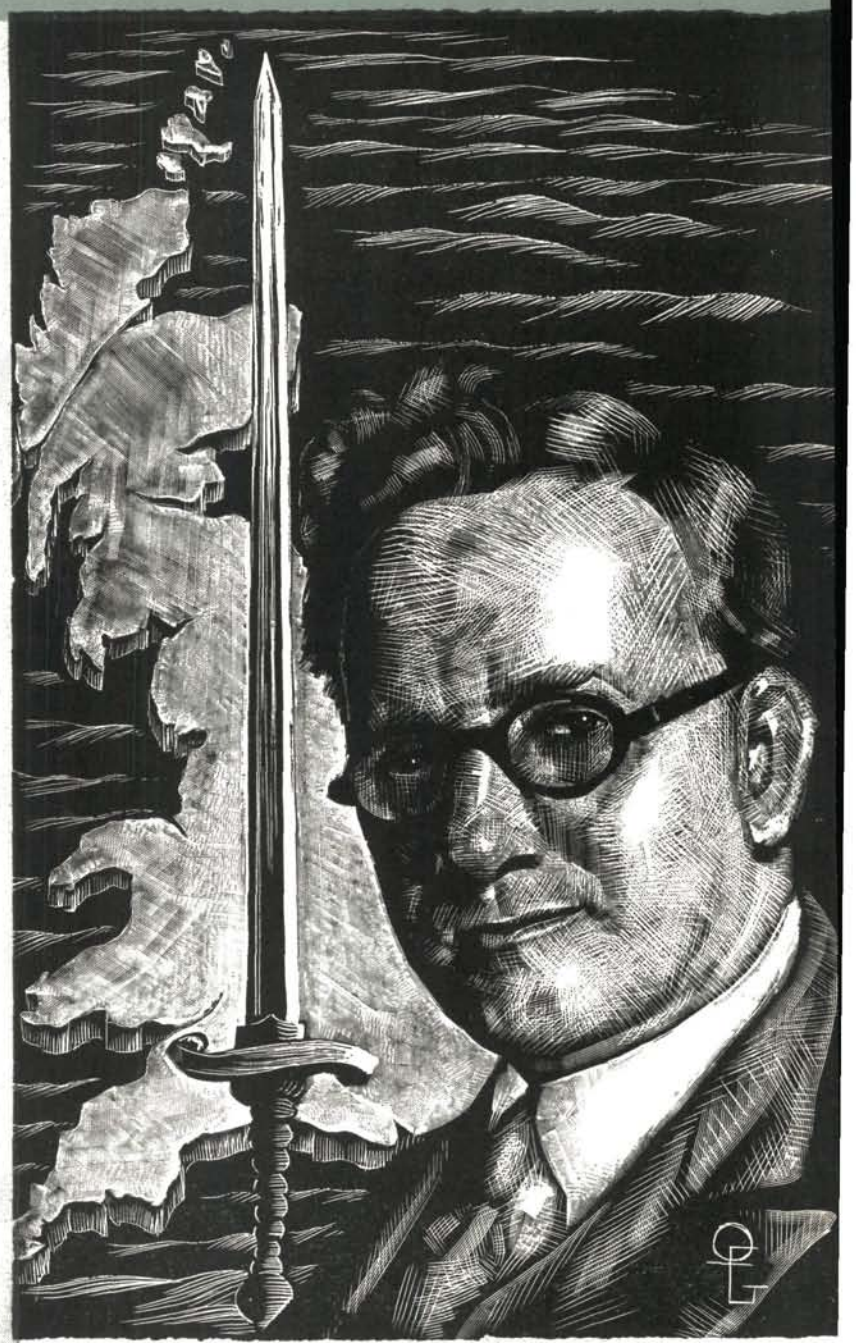

—SRL Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield

HERBERT MORRISON, sans school tie, is an instrument of British national unity. (See page 7)

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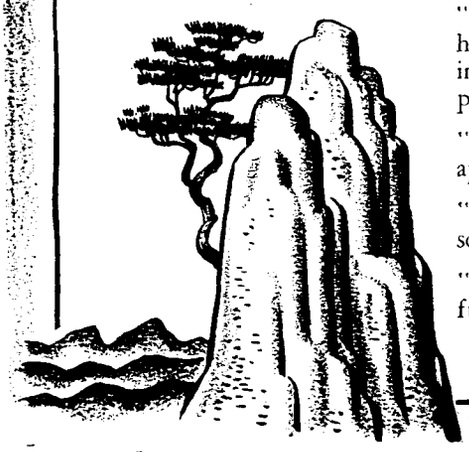

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How High Will the Price Be?

The Cost of Victory Will Be Measured in Attitudes as Well as Wealth

LOUIS J. HALLE

WHAT the world has undergone in the past generation does not appear to have shaken the faith of a materialistic age in its universally accepted objective. That objective is, not to make men better but to make them richer. Our vision is not of a world peopled by wise and honorable men, but of a world in which every family has its automobile and every pot its chicken. We may attack one another over questions of how wealth shall be distributed and who shall distribute it, but it is generally agreed that material well-being, the standard of living, is more precious and more important than anything else you could name, more important than God and religion, more important than morality, more important than wholeness of spirit or any form of beatitude. No one says this in so many words simply because no one disputes it. It is the unstated premise of all our thinking, it is what is understood in our grammar.

Let me interrupt my thought to make it clear that I do not speak as the votary of any religion. I do not know whether there is a personal God. I do not know what may be the purpose of the universe. I have no views on personal immortality. Nevertheless, my own experience of man and of nature accords with the meaning I find in Scripture, just as it accords with the meaning that I find in Shakespeare or in Beethoven or in Michelangelo. For one thing, the concept of original sin seems to me undeniable. Original sin explains me to myself, since I find that nature has endowed me with destructive and abhorrent impulses that I must overcome if I am to realize the possibilities for good that the world offers. (There are those who accept this in Freud and reject it in the Biblical version.) I also believe that there is such a thing as being in a state of grace. Every artist must know what this is, since it is the prior condition of artistic creation. The ancient poets recognized it when they invoked the muse. Most primitive peoples attach the utmost importance to it, the Polynesians referring to it as *mana,* the indispensable element in all achievement. In fact, I believe that there is no creative work—whether of statesmanship, of science, of philosophy, of what you will—that does not depend on grace. What grace itself depends on I would hardly dare attempt to specify, but I do believe that honesty and the possession of a motive lofty enough to transcend mere egotism have something to do with it. The state of grace represents, I think, a triumph over original sin. And now I have already said enough to make it plain that I believe in good and evil. Because I find these things expressed in the scriptures, as in all great literature, I honor them as an expression of human wisdom.

TO many of us, no passage in the Bible is so far removed from the practical realities with which we are acquainted as that in which Jesus admonishes his disciples: "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. . . . Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap. . . . Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. . . . Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." But what is this, except to say that the satisfaction of the appetites is secondary and cannot, by itself, be realized? Men must have some motive that transcends selfish interests and some objective beyond materialism, or they will fail in everything. I can illustrate this paradoxical truth by my own most immediate and homely experience: what I am paid for this expression of a personal philosophy will help me to live; but if I were writing it simply to make money, I should find nothing to say.

Another example, this time from the everlasting paradox of history: the late Romans were practical materialists like ourselves, great builders and great organizers. They were notable not so much for their contributions to the things of the spirit as for their contributions to man's physical prowess and well-being. But, as the empire of these supreme builders crumbled and fell to pieces, the empire of those men who were impractical and scorned the material things of life increased. Upon the ruins of Rome arose a great Christian civilization. The future was inherited by those who believed that they should take no thought for the morrow!

Like the Romans before us, we have in practice quite reversed the Biblical injunction that we should take no thought for material gain, but that if we aspire to righteousness and spiritual grace these things shall be added unto us. I have said that our objective is, not to make men better but to make them richer. Our practical philosophy, as I understand it, seeks its justification in the theory that when men are richer they *will* be better; spiritual grace will then be added unto them. Evil, so the argument goes, is merely the consequence of restrictions imposed by poverty on opportunity. Freedom from want is the antecedent condition of all grace. The theory is expounded, by those who feel at home with this belief, that when all men have automobiles all men will be able to drive out into the countryside to enjoy the "spiritual values" of nature; when all men have radios, all men will be able to enjoy the "spiritual values" of great music greatly performed; when all men have leisure, all men will be free to relax in the contemplation of the things of the spirit. The view that the practical

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men of our day oppose to the wisdom of their predecessors is that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a poor man to enter the kingdom of God.

I find no convincing evidence in the world about me, however, that these practical men are on the way to attaining the kingdom, or that the foundation on which they have built is any firmer than that which supported the materialistic civilization of ancient Rome. We live in an age that is concerned almost exclusively with quantities. Quantities are our boast. We have more of everything than ever before: so many automobiles per capita, so many books, so many radios, so much protein consumption. But are we today more blessed as a result of all this, has the life of the spirit been strengthened? We have invented microphones, and we can find nothing to say into them. We have developed means for broadcasting our music into millions of homes, but we no longer produce noble music. More people can read than ever before, but our language deteriorates steadily and we have almost no considerable writers. We have developed a unique elaborate machinery of international communication and administration, and our world is chaos. More concerned with our habitation than with our souls, we have built ourselves an immense palace in which we live like pigs. Yet, where we cannot help but recognize that all is not well, we argue that the fault is in our standard of living. If only the palace were still larger, still more luxurious!

I am not one of those who believe that what distinguishes man from the beasts is the human brain, since that is a matter of degree only. The wise men who left us the books of the Scripture believed that the distinguishing feature was man's capacity for spiritual grace, which they identified with the soul. And indeed, there is no material invention of which we can boast that might not have been invented by any of the great apes, given somewhat larger brains. Even with the brains they have, they manage to construct simple tools and bits of machinery. But it is not conceivable that any of the great apes could write a poem or compose a symphony or be moved to awe. You might be able to explain a can-opener to a chimpanzee, but you could never hope to teach him the philosophy of Erasmus.

The conclusion seems to me inescapable that what is humanly good must arise from that capacity which is uniquely human. Good and evil exist for us; they do not exist for the great apes. If we refuse to recognize them, and the distinction between them, we may go on constructing tools in the exercise of our simian ingenuity, but they will be put to no better use in our hands than they would be in the hands of the monkey-tribe. We shall not be better men because we have them, or because we have more of them. We shall certainly not find ourselves enriched in spirit.

It can hardly be expected that men will rise above their own estimation of themselves. The wisest men among the ancients regarded men as an inferior angel, and were humble. They strove to make the body the servant of the soul, to achieve the kingdom of peace by emancipating the spirit from the animal appetites. We, by contrast, have come to regard ourselves as vastly superior primates, and make this our boast. Instead of striving to discipline our appetites, we have embarked on the cynical policy of appeasing them. Our premise is that men are animals motivated by greed, the creatures of "economic determinism," and that they will not cease to devour one another until their appetites have been sated. The flaw in the premise lies in its disregard of the fact that men's appetites are not fixed, but grow with feeding. It is only when we have to let the jinni out of the bottle and seen him grow to monstrous size, as today in Europe and the Far East, that we can see the fallacy of this appeasement.

THE price that men pay for their errors is rarely subject to immediate collection. There is generally an interval in which they may, through temporay success, become confirmed in those errors. The evil jinni begins by doing his victim's bidding. Napoleon mastered Europe before he was reduced to St. Helena. Macbeth had his promised kingdom for a term. What neither of these had was the security of a firm foundation beneath his conquest. Because, in the exercise of our technical ingenuity, we have made such a spectacular conquest of the material world as has never before been seen, we are now wholly given to the faith that there is no limit to what that ingenuity may achieve for us. Our material success has served to confirm us in our materialism. We look forward to the time when our conquest will be universal, when we shall be governed exclusively by ingenious technicians who administer the machinery that has been invented to serve our appetites.

But what is this that is happening to us now? Today, all over the earth, we see the spectacle of men who have been free submitting to chains. Our response is to proclaim, in our bewilderment, that it is man's natural right to be free. Well, so it is. But I have not heard anyone say that it is the right of primates generally to be free; there has been no outcry against the caging of the great apes. What is the basis of this right men claim for themselves exclusively, except that one feature which distinguishes them from their brute ancestors? For the benefit of their souls men must have freedom, not for the gratification of their appetites. We proclaim the natural right of men to be free, but when a man is overtly evil, when his appetites are ungoverned, we clap him into jail. There must be some connection, then, between virtue and freedom. Men must be good in order to be free. To assert that freedom is a right on any other basis is merely, parrotwise, to repeat the words of our forefathers without their meaning.

We also say that the foundation of democracy is the dignity and intrinsic worth of the human individual, that democracy is based on respect for the individual. If this means anything, surely it is an acknowledgment of the ancient wisdom that saw in man the image of his maker. If, however, we will have it that man is merely a clever animal whose sole virtue is his ability to harness nature, then we have destroyed the meaning of democracy. On that basis, we can no longer justify democracy or make it work.

I do not think we shall make any improvement in our post-war lot unless we recognize that man generally deserves the fate that befalls him. This is a harsh saying, and unacceptable to those who believe that human virtue comes second. But the wisest men of all ages have consistently recognized that we must first improve our deserving if we wish to improve our lot. Men, as nations or as individuals, can do nothing humanly creative unless they are in a state of grace. They must first be in harmony with what is good as opposed to evil. They must abandon the struggle for wealth and strive for the achievement

(*Please turn to page 22*)

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The British Road to Freedom

PROSPECTS AND POLICIES. By the Right Honorable Herbert Morrison. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944 170 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NORMAN ANGELL

TO a published collection of some of his recent speeches, Herbert Morrison has written "an introduction for American readers" warning them of certain misapprehensions about Britain which, he thinks, are likely to gain currency during the course of the war. One of them, he suggests, is the tendency to assume that the controls introduced for war purposes will necessarily set the pattern of post-war life in Britain. He agrees that the British are likely to accept an extent of economic planning which Americans will not, but utters a caution against the idea that because of this difference the two countries are therefore destined to drift apart. He insists that the very first lesson which we must learn, both for war and post-war, is how countries of very different economic and political structure may continue to coöperate for purposes which are common despite the differences. "It is quite certain," he writes, "that the nations of the world will present an extraordinarily varied picture of many different forms of economic society. If this is to prove an obstacle to rational world order, we may indeed all despair." The future will demand "an atmosphere of tolerance and of understanding—a readiness to accept the fact of difference between nations and to comprehend what those differences really are—so that there is no risk that methods unlike one's own will appear as perversions of the one and only truth, or as stubborn forms of original sin to which foreigners are especially subject."

It is significant that Morrison should put this point in the very forefront of what he has to say. The need for its emphasis is all too evident. It has become hackneyed and platitudinous to say that unless the Big Four—the United States, the British Commonwealth, Russia, and China—can hang together, not merely during the war but for a long period afterwards, then the tragedy of the former peace settlement, an absurd anti-climax in which victory is thrown away, will be repeated.

Moral exhortation to unity will not suffice. To avert that tragedy we must learn either to reconcile a great deal of coöperation with a great deal of difference between nations in political and economic structure and outlook; or, alternatively, we must all have broadly the same kind of economic and political society.

For a long time the Left intelligentsia has leant strongly towards the second alternative as the indispensable condition of peace and order throughout the world; while the Right has invoked national differences as proof that international peace is an irrealizable dream. Ever since the Communist Manifesto the Marxist has insisted that revolutionary change in the economic structure of society was the necessary prelude to peace. War, it was insisted, arose from the efforts of capitalists to extend the area of their economic exploitation, a proposition epitomized for thousands of young intellectuals of the generation which followed the First World War by a slogan which came to have the force of an incantation: "The Cause of War is Capitalism." For communists and near-communists this war was no exception—until the attack on Russia. Until then, even in Russia itself, the declaration of war against Germany was a conspiracy of British and French imperialists against the working class of the world. A distinguished British Leftist who did not take quite that view, nevertheless insisted, not merely that there could be no stable peace, but that Britain could not successfully wage war until "the foundations of the old society had been blasted" and a new society born. The early British retreats in North Africa were described in a much quoted article as an "Epitaph on a System." (When, however, those retreats were followed by amazing and brilliant victories, rarely equalled in military history, no article entitled "Triumph of a System" was forthcoming.)

Morrison makes it pretty clear that he does not accept these Marxist interpretations of the phenomenon of war, nor base his expectations of peace upon them. This fact does not signalize a change in Morrison's position, but a very great change in the attitude of Marxists; and of Russia. The German attack upon Russia was the signal for sudden, instantaneous modifications of Marxist doctrine, inaugurated by a series of encyclicals from Moscow which went all the way from abolishing the Comintern to giving a blessing to Capitalist Free Enterprise. Indeed it became obvious from the first day of the German attack that, if Russia was to preserve her right to remain a communist state, it would be with the help of capitalist nations; and by virtue of close coöperation with them; as it has also become evident that if the nations of the West are to retain their right to remain capitalist or free enterprise they must be prepared to coöperate with a communist nation for the attainment of ends which transcend both communism and capitalism; transcend, indeed, all economic ends.

Morrison sees clearly—it comes out particularly in his speech on the release of Oswald Mosley—that realization of the truth just indicated cannot be taken for granted. It is still jeopardized by the fallacy which bedevils so much political thinking alike on the Right and on the Left—the fallacy which assumes that the proper purpose of power, of the collective force of the national or international com-

—From "War Pictures by British Artists."

"Alert," from the painting by Alexander Macpherson.

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munity is to make it the instrument of some "true" social or economic doctrine, of Socialism, or Free Enterprise, or Communism, or Capitalism, or Democracy, or Republicanism, or Monarchism, as the case may be. But far from the right purpose of power being to enforce one doctrine as against another, its right purpose is almost the exact contrary, namely to ensure that power (and especially international power) shall never become the instrument for imposing some particular economic or political theory or method; so that these shall be the outcome of experience under differing conditions, of trial and error interpreted by reason and discussion free of the fear of violence.

The story of party conflict in Britain—again as Morrison insists—has confirmed this truth. There are real and deep divisions between the political parties of Britain—between, for instance, the socialist, egalitarian Labor Party, and the capitalist, authoritarian, Tory Party; doctrinal differences as deep as those which separate, say, Russia from her Western neighbors, or which separate the various warring factions within certain continental states. Yet these British party differences, deep and real as they are, do not involve armed conflict. They would do so, however, if each British party were to say: "Because our doctrine is the true doctrine we shall put force behind it, suppressing all opposition, so that the truth may prevail"; if the Tories were to say: "The power of the British community should be used to stamp out such evil heresies as communism"; or if the communists had managed to secure wider acceptance of their theory that only violence, the forcible dictatorship of the proletariat, could liberate mankind from the tyranny of capitalism. If these views had prevailed in Britain, its history would have resembled that of the Latin American states which used to have a revolution every six months or so. But the British people have increasingly opposed the arming of parties or of doctrines; have steadily insisted that the road to freedom is not that way; that, on the contrary, force belongs only to the constitution, to be used to defend any party or doctrine which may be made the victim of violence. This, as Morrison points out in several of his speeches reprinted in this book, is where the Weimar Republic failed. Long before Hitler came to power the Nazis had become an armed party; and many republican groups had become the victims of their violence. Those victims were not defended. The army itself was allowed to become the instrument of party doctrine. The republic abdicated, insists Morrison, from the moment that it tolerated "the establishment of a whole series of private armies on the Right, in the Center, and on the Left. Democracy can tolerate only one army, the army of the nation, responsible to parliamentary government."

It is going to be exceedingly difficult in the years immediately ahead to prevent our power, the power that is of the Big Four, which ought to be the instrument of constitutional freedom, from becoming the power of one party in a state, the instrument of a special doctrine, used for the purpose of destroying all political opposition, and so promoting totalitarianism while intending the opposite. Some of the difficulties are revealed by Morrison in his final speech in the Commons debate on the release of Mosley. His release, incidentally, was the subject of bitter criticism in certain Left circles not only in Britain but in the United States as well. Yet the facts were that Mosley had been in jail for four years without any sort of trial, in defiance of constitutional principles as old as Magna Charta. Such action could be justified on one ground only: imminent danger to the nation's security. That danger existed when invasion was an hourly possibility. But it was quite clear after four years' experience of the degree of fifth column strength in Britain that even a robust Mosley, much less a sick one, no longer constituted imminent danger. What the criticism directed against Morrison amounted to, was that he should have kept Mosley in jail, law or no law, because people did not like the British Fascist and his doctrines. Morrison said in effect: If the House wants to frame a regulation along those lines let it do so. But the Labor Party in all its sections would do well to consider carefully how such a law or regulation would be used by a Tory Home Secretary if and when popular feeling happened to run against some Labor leader. Morrison added: "Unless honorable members make that test they are playing the fool with this issue."

No group, of course, were more violent in denunciation of Morrison than the Communists were on this issue.

Concerning which Morrison remarked:

> Of all the people who here, and in every other country in the world, have made the worst mess of anti-Fascist activity, it is the Communist Party. In Germany they built up their-own private army, so that there were two or more private armies . . . and the failure of the Weimar Republic was that it did not prohibit them all. We were on the verge of two private armies. The Mosley Fascist army existed here. The Communists then proceeded to organize a private army against the Fascists. My Labor people were asked to come in jointly with the Communist private army. I said: "Keep out of it, this is a job for the state, for the Home Office."

Morrison went on to recall how, before the war, on behalf of the Labor Party, he supported the Public Order Act aimed at rendering private armies impossible in Britain. But the one Communist member, supported by the Left Wing of the Labor Party, had opposed that Public Order Act. Why? Because a bill which would make impossible the arming of Fascists also would make impossible the arming of the Left. Morrison adds:

> The Bill was criticized by Labor Members. I had to fight and tussle with them. But the bill did the trick. It smashed that private army and, I believe, commenced the undermining of Fascism in this country. But the Communist Party was wrong. The Labor Left was wrong, as it so often is.

Yet the man who uses this language about his party colleagues may well one day become their chosen Prime Minister.

"People sometimes talk about the political genius of the British, and the British sometimes like to talk about it themselves," remarks Morrison at one point, and in his "Introduction for American Readers" adds this:

> Genius is a big word, but what I think is meant is that the whole of British political history since the country was a unity at all has been a strenuous and persistent struggle to reconcile the principle of liberty with the principle of order—to solve the fundamental problem of political life and growth . . . otherwise there is no explanation of nearly nine hundred years of continuing and developing national solidarity, marred by an exceptionally small amount of civil conflict, of which indeed there has been none worth mentioning for three hundred years.

Herbert Morrison, son of a policeman, wearing no school tie, beginning his career as errand boy, to become Secretary of State for Home Affairs, member of the War Cabinet, instrument of that national unity without which England could never have stood up against the Nazi hordes, is in his own person and career no bad example of embodiment of that political genius upon which the maintenance of freedom depends.

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Bringing the Nazis to Book

WAR CRIMINALS AND PUNISHMENT. By George Creel. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1944. 291 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SHELDON GLUECK

THE funeral pyres of the Warsaw ghetto, Lidice, and the other Nazi "extermination centers" are still smoking. The ghosts of the millions cold-bloodedly done to death by Nazi brutality are still hovering about the sad ruins. Yet certain voices are already raised against the punishment of the poor, misled, Wagner-loving, beer-drinking, and *Ach, so gemüthliche!* Germans. Forgive and forget. After all, war cannot be conducted without some overstepping of the bounds. Only a handful of misleaders of the naturally peace-loving Germans should be blamed. Besides, punishment will surely induce the patient Germans to lose their patience and start another war; and if so those who advocate punishment will only have themselves to blame, etc., etc.

"War Criminals and Punishment," by the Chairman of the American Office of Public Information during World War I, is a vividly written book aimed at shattering such a jerry-built shield of misinformation, fatuousness, and sentimentalism.

With the slashing skill of the crusading journalist and the driving fervor of one burning with moral indignation, Mr. Creel weaves together the most moving extracts of the various official reports of Axis atrocities. In a series of fast-paced chapters, he classifies the malefactors into "Master Criminals" "Little Hitlers," "Little Himmlers," "Prophets of Baal" (Ribbentrop, Papen, Farinacci, Haushofer, Ley, Abetz, and the other plotters, schemers, miseducators, and accessories to the Axis crimes), and "Quislings."

Sparks from the author's anvil may be glimpsed from his listing and characterization of the Master Criminals: *Hitler* ("Master Criminal Number One, and the head and front of all offending against the laws of God and man"); *Mussolini* ("a bombastic, posturing clown, to be sure, but so were Nero and Caligula"); *Tojo* ("the whole life of the man is red with blood and black with treachery"); *Himmler* ("the fish-eyed killer . . . his own law by virtue of the right to imprison, torture, and butcher without warrant or trial"); *Goering* ("the whale-bellied savage who exploits the superstition that there is no harm in a fat man. A morphine addict after the first World War, and once confined in an asylum as a paranoiac, dementia still persists under a Falstaffian veneer, and his ferocities are those of the wild boars that he loves to hunt"); *Goebbels* ("the black brain of this malignant little cripple . . . this simian doctor . . . conceived the sterilization of non-Aryan and non-Nazis, carrying the idea forward until whole races were marked down for virtual extinction" and "out of his own depravity . . . made a national hero of Horst Wessel, the pimp killed in a street brawl"); and *Rosenberg* ("sneaking *agent provocateur*" and author of the vile "Mythos of the Twentieth Century" whose "campaigns of hate had no other object than the extermination of Jews and the brutal persecution of Protestants and Catholics").

For these characterizations of the leading actors in the bludgeoning *dramatis personae,* as well as for the lesser stars of the Axis saturnalia of blood-lust, Mr. Creel produces more than enough evidence. If his book does nothing more than remind the man in the street of the monstrosities of the Axis ring-leaders, it will do a timely service.

In the latter part of the work the author discusses the "German people" and how they got that way. This is also skilfully done. However, more penetrating studies of the militaristic paranoidism of Germania have appeared.

It is the middle of the author's work that is weakest. Having listed the war criminals and summarized their most dastardly crimes, Mr. Creel disposes of the very intricate problems of what to do with them and how to do it, in much too facile a fashion. He gets rid of the most perplexing questions of international and criminal law by avoiding them. Following Charles Warren and the views of the late Professor James Garner, Creel urges the avoidance of trials of Hitler and the other master criminals; he wants, instead, their summary disposal upon capture. The reviewer went through that stage himself. The shoot-'em-without-trial solution has the merits of simplicity and speed. But in the civilized administration of criminal justice, even the person caught red-handed, with a smoking gun in his hand, is accorded a fair trial, and the traditions of international law require that even pirates should be given a trial if possible. Mr. Creel is strenuously opposed to the setting up of an International Criminal Court for the trial of the major malefactors, those whose crimes covered more than one nation's territory, and those whose offenses were committed against the peoples rendered "Stateless" by Nazi "law." But he does not thoroughly explore the matter; he merely attacks those who advocate some such solution, and sustains his point of view on the distinguished authority of Mr. Warren.

—*Press Association Inc. Photo*
George Creel

Before one can conclude that it is not desirable to resort to the ordinary civilized processes of prosecution, defense, and judgment in a court of law, one must carefully examine the reasons against this; and this examination must include a thorough exploration of the many relevant principles of international and municipal law; an examination into the whys and ways that these are obstacles to a fair and expeditious trial of Axis war criminals; a weaving together of a creative pattern which will retain the essence of law and justice as familiarly conceived, without its pettifogging and irrelevant technicalities.

To be sure, when one considers the arguments that conceptualistic international lawyers present in this matter of war criminals, one can understand the impatience of Creel and others. It is, for instance, solemnly argued by them that Hitler cannot be prosecuted in a foreign court because he is a "Head of State," a sacred cow, triable, if at all, only in a German court, under German law and by German judges. This was the line taken by the American representatives on the Commission on Responsibilities at the close of World War I. Their legalistic zeal expended itself largely in arguments to save the former Kaiser from punishment. Then, certain publicists point out that the vast majority of Axis officers and soldiers cannot be prosecuted either, because their

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acts were ordered by their Governments and as such are "acts of State" for which only the State may be liable by way of post-war monetary indemnity, not its individual subjects by way of physical punishment. It is moreover argued that the great majority of Axis officers and soldiers cannot legitimately be convicted for the further reason that they were only obeying the orders of their military superiors, a valid defense under Anglo-American rules of warfare. Only the "commanders" can be prosecuted; and since this is a conveniently vague term, we may be led, *a là* Alice in Wonderland, up the hierarchical ladder until we reach the commander-in-chief; and since he is the "Head of State," he also, as we have seen, cannot be prosecuted by the United Nations for the very reason that he has no superior! Then, again, the "territorial principle" of jurisdiction prevents trial of Axis war criminals by non-Axis courts for the numerous crimes committed in concentration and prisoners-of-war camps inside Germany, Japan, and other Axis territory.

A pretty kettle of fish!

But the point is that until one fishes in the kettle, catches each of the fish, and examines it thoroughly he is not justified in recommending short-cuts or attacking those who insist upon trials in the spirit of justice according to familiar processes of law. Mr. Creel has done little fishing.

It is true that the nation victorious in a war can, in the final analysis, impose almost any conditions it pleases upon the defeated belligerent. A decent respect for the judgment of mankind and the verdict of history, and the fear of future revenge are its only restraints. But one of the chief aims of the United Nations is the reëstablishment of a regime of justice according to law. Although it is exceedingly difficult to do so—both because of the present legal obstacles and the emotional climate in which it will have to be done—the United Nations ought to do their utmost to bring this about. The effect on mankind and on mankind's future will be worth the effort.

Careful examination of the legal fish will show them to be very anemic minnows instead of the formidable whales envisaged by many international lawyers. From a study of the subject the reviewer is convinced that it is possible to develop a United Nations program for war criminals that in substance and spirit will constitute justice according to law yet be free from cobwebby legalisms. Most of the Axis offenders will, of course, be prosecuted expeditiously and efficiently in the domestic courts (largely military) of the countries where they have committed their crimes; but the leading malefactors might well be proceeded against in an International Criminal Court to be established by the United Nations with the aid, if possible, of neutral States. This would serve as a striking symbol of a new regime of justice according to law administered on a world plane. The opportunity is too good to be missed. As for the emotional climate, every effort ought to be made to insinuate fair play into the program of justice even for the despicable Nazi sadists and murderers. That is one way of dramatizing and symbolizing what this war is all about.

There are, besides, many issues of criminology and penology, of psychiatry, of ethics, which must be explored in recommending a civilized solution of the problem. It cannot be said that the author has adequately explored these issues.

Mr. Creel has a most annoying way of putting much of his material in quotation marks without indicating the titles and pages. True, his work is intended for popular consumption; but authors whose writings are attacked are entitled to know it, and readers are entitled to know exactly where they can find his quotations.

Despite these faults, Mr. Creel's book will help to create an informed public opinion.

Sheldon Glueck, criminologist, editor and author, has been Professor of Criminology at Harvard since 1931. *He has been an official delegate of the United States to International Prison Congress, Prague, and has served on the editorial boards of* Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology *and* Mental Hygiene. *He is the author of various books on criminology.*

Karl Mannheim's "Third Way"

DIAGNOSIS OF OUR TIME. By Karl Mannheim. New York: Oxford University Press. 1944. 178 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

IT is still the fashion in some quarters to reduce all current social phenomena to terms of polarity—with fascism representing one pole, communism the other. It would be dangerously oversanguine to underrate the magnetic impulsions of these two ideologies; but it is certainly unrealistic to apply by analogy the physical laws of the lodestone to human affairs. Subscribers to belief in the inevitability of a final conflict between these two, with democracy destroyed in passing, may well read Karl Mannheim's diagnosis of our times. There they will find not the blueprint of a Third Way, but a guidepost pointing out the difficult but passable road to a militant democracy. "What is developing in all the present changes is so far neither Fascism nor Communism; it may become a Third Way, the new pattern of planned society which although using the techniques of planning, maintains its democratic control, and keeps those spheres of freedom and free initiative which are the genuine safeguards of culture and humanity."

The study of society in Dr. Mannheim's opinion is the most efficient tool with which to meet the crisis of transformation that our age is undergoing. Economics, psychology, theology, and the others are important adjuncts, but their specialized approaches must be followed within the larger overall pattern of sociology. The problem has now become one of determining the basic values on which the members of a militant democracy can unite. Through the new social techniques a wise society can examine the phenomena of its Christian liberal residue and can study the conflicts which our modern mechanization and secularization have left unresolved. Fundamentally there must be a "consensus," some common basic values which men can accept and believe in. The new techniques by themselves are meaningless if they are not used to help make possible a reasonable choice of competing values. This need for basic agreement he believes can be met best within a society democratically designed, one in which there is planning in key areas and freedom to work out differences in the rest. Britain and America with their long-standing tradition of liberty and spontaneous reform have the historical mission "to create a society which will work in the spirit of the new ideal: Planning for Freedom."

Out of his discussion of philosophies at odds with one another, the author draws revealing socio-analyses of their nature, profound penetrations that integrate the accumulating findings of sociology and psychology. Recognizing the dynamic quality of modern society, he turns to youth and education in Britain for a brilliant study of attitudes that are evolving and functions that must be accepted if the societal reserves of youth are to be drawn upon. To the modern man of religion the author of "Diagnosis of Our Time" presents a challenging sociological interpretation of the Christian church and its place in the modern world.

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D. H. Lawrence's "Chatterley" Again

THE FIRST LADY CHATTERLEY. By D. H. Lawrence. Foreword by Frieda Lawrence. New York: The Dial Press. 1944. 320 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD ALDINGTON

ARRANGED chronologically, Lawrence's novels form a vast autobiography. Two characters, under different names, dominate the scene, one remarkably like Lawrence, the other strangely resembling Frieda. His work is at its best when all pretense of fiction is abandoned (*e.g.*, "Sea and Sardinia," "Mornings in Mexico"). The value of his writing is as a record of the exterior and interior life of a unique temperament, a special awareness of things and people, plus a gift of verbal expression evoking these intense experiences in fragments of vivid prose containing most of the elements of poetry. Lawrence was not a novelist in the ordinary sense of the word; and most hostile criticism of him is about as intelligent as saying that "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" has no story or Shelley's characters no economic background.

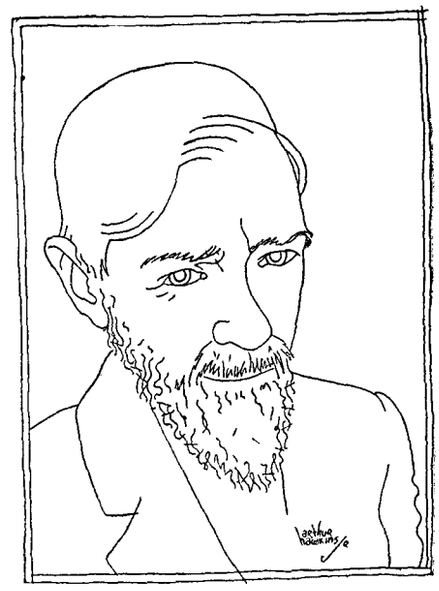
Three novels stand a little apart from the others, owing to their somewhat misguided attempt at objectivity. "The Boy in the Bush," rewritten from another person's novel, has quite a story (it was therefore popular) and the Laurentian nature of the hero seems a little out of place. The other two are his first and last, "The White Peacock" and "Lady Chatterley" in its triple version. The former has some very beautiful passages, particularly the description of the gamekeeper's funeral; but the awkward attempt at objectivity, which gives many of the scenes a chattering factitiousness, was the result of a bashful class-consciousness. Not without reason the young novelist seems to have thought that the novel readers of 1912 would be offended and confused by an exact evocation of working-class characters. He therefore tried to make them what he imagined people of the upper middle class, with rather awful results.

Still, "The White Peacock" has wonderful qualities, and was a much better book than "Lady Chatterley's Lover," of which the 1928 Florence version was better than this one.

Through most of Lawrence's writing there is a white-hot sincerity which, even when it resulted in ugliness, has a great appeal. There is a certain desperate sincerity in "Lady Chatterley," but it doesn't run all the way through, being warped by class hatred and by an unfair symbolism of the personal triangle Lawrence had in mind. The hero gamekeeper who steals his master's wife would more appropriately have figured as a poacher. And Sir Clifford, a broken-backed, impotent aristocrat, strikes me as a rather inadequate symbol of the person he represents. Poor Sir Clifford! Born, through no fault of his own, out of the purple of Labor, he is given no chance to "rise from the ranks of the aristocracy."

The 1928 "Lady Chatterley's Lover" contained a remarkable chapter which is missing from this version. It is the description of Connie's motor drive through part of the newly industrialized Midlands and of her reaction to the experience. Needless to say, both the experience and the reaction were Lawrence's. Characteristic are the Ruskinesque misery and horror at the disfigurement of the earth by industrial activities, and the wholly Laurentian repulsion from the "cold-blooded" insect-men who are the machine-minders and a passionate championship of the slow, "warm-blooded" men of the old agricultural way of life. It is this which gives meaning and dignity to the theme or message of "Lady Chatterley"—namely, the supreme importance of a "warm-blooded," sensual, almost mystic relation between the sexes, as contrasted with what Lawrence held to be the frigid, insect-like, cerebral approach to sex of the industrial epoch. This, of course, is a mere piece of "intuition"—there is no way of collecting objective information. And, as I have hinted, the presentation of the theme is not a little biased by a rancorous class hatred. Is it true that all the bad lovers and husbands are in the upper class? About as true, I should say, as his statement: "The Americans are all mad, or going mad."

The method chosen by Lawrence to popularize this gospel of "warm-blooded" sex was not remarkable either for its tact or its opportunism. He had to deal with a delicate, a very private matter, in which prejudice is easily aroused; and he believed that he was championing a finer, richer sort of sex relation than was (he assumed) generally practised. By way of recommending this he chose to express his meaning by using a set of words which had come to connate the crudest and most degraded forms of sex experience. Yet there was a kind of desperate logic about this. It was certainly a means to make people take notice of what he had to say, though it was probably the securest means for getting himself permanently misunderstood. The only way to remove the misunderstanding is to realize that Lawrence was a kind of working-class Shelley (making all necessary allowances) and to trace the expression of his unique sensitivity through his complete work.



D. H. Lawrence

On the whole, "Lady Chatterley" looks like a blunder, and I sometimes ask myself if Lawrence would have published it if he had not been so foolishly opposed into obstinately exhibiting it by well-meaning friends. And yet I would not have it otherwise. In the midst of the contemporary swarms of self-seeking Sancho Panzas where shall we find such another Quixote? "Lady Chatterley" is magnificent, but it is not literature. It is a kind of abstract Charge of the Light Brigade. Or like Robin Goodfellow trying to clean up the mythical Augean stable with a besom made of *planta genista.*

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 49

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 49 *will be found in the next issue.*

K C D P F M V G H B A L P M
K H R C E F L R D F F T P Q T P Q
V G V N R L F A T P Q R C.

—SHKP DTRAHP.

—*LA L FHRVDP DBFTJ.*

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 48

LOGICIANS HAVE BUT ILL-DEFINED, AS RATIONAL, THE HUMAN KIND; REASON, THEY SAY, BELONGS TO MAN; BUT LET THEM PROVE IT IF THEY CAN.

—JONATHAN SWIFT.

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Strictly Personal . . .

WHO SPEAKS FOR RUSSIA?

A PLAYWRIGHT had better leave to men of letters the defense of the literature of the 1920's. But, in Mr. DeVoto's article in the *SRL* [April 8, 1944], there is at least one sociological statement that a casual student of current events has a right to challenge, particularly since it is more or less representative of a point of view that is not uncommon.

Says Mr. DeVoto: "At the very moment when literary critics were turning from us, disgusted with industrial materialism, and invoking the Russians, as the only people who had a hopeful vision for mankind, with the most sedulous and imitative care, the Russians were doing their utmost to reproduce the industrial materialism of America, in which they thought they had found the only hopeful vision for mankind."

This observation is so whoppingly false in its assumption that it misses completely the whole significance of the Russian Revolution. From its earliest beginnings, I had followed the progress of that revolution, with the closest interest, and I was as bewildered as anybody, by the contradictory evaluations of its apologists and its detractors, and by the conflicting testimony of returning witnesses. Finally, in 1932, I decided to make a trip to Russia, to see what I could find out for myself.

That year, as elderly readers will recall, was the last year of the benign dispensation of Mr. Hoover. All right-thinking people were toasting, in bathtub gin, the iron inexorability of the business cycle. Shoeless, but ruggedly individualistic, farmers were burning their crops, while hungry, but ruggedly individualistic, mill-hands were gazing gloomily at the blank windows of idle shoe factories. On the river-front, just below Riverside Drive, was a sordid "Hooverville" of improvised shacks, within a stone's throw of Mr. Schwab's unoccupied Renaissance chateau. (I used to wonder why none of the shivering derelicts ever threw a stone.) A block further away, an abandoned twelve-story luxury convalescent hospital, capable of housing thousands of the homeless, stood ostentatiously empty. Lawyers and housewives offered a fine variety of apples, at every street corner. When a bedraggled mendicant told a stout lady, in a mink coat, that he had not eaten in three days, she said, sympathetically: "But you should force yourself!" Everybody, of course, agreed that the whole situation was deplorable.

There were bread lines in Moscow, too—disturbing spectacles. But a little investigation revealed what was going on behind those bread lines. The Russians were, indeed, "doing their utmost to reproduce the industrial materialism of America" and, in order to achieve this end, they were foregoing the comforts and even many of the necessities of life. Their vast and newly-released productive energy was going into the building of hydro-electric plants, blast furnaces, machine tools, their whole agrarian economy was undergoing an incredible transformation from feudal tillage to mechanized collective farming on a vast scale. The resultant dislocation of populations and the strain upon the machinery of distribution had created a social and economic situation that was truly chaotic. But from that chaos, there was already emerging an organized nation that was to sweep Hitler's legions into the Black Sea; in that crucible of almost unendurable toil and suffering were being forged the defenders of Stalingrad.

I visited Stalingrad, the sleepy little Volga River port, that was then changing almost over night into a modern industrial city. On the way out to the tractor plant, I saw camels dragging ties for the half-completed branch railway; in the factory enclosure was a heap of old bronze ornaments and utensils, a meagre source of precious non-ferrous metals. The plant, itself, was the nucleus of a community of industrial workers, lately recruited from the log cabins of dreary and malodorous villages: a community that comprised modern apartment houses, hospitals, schools, playgrounds, nurseries, theatres, laundries, bakeries—all conceived as the indispensable elements of one social complex and all built, simultaneously, from the ground up.

Tractors were rolling off the assembly line, as I had seen cars roll in Detroit. But to those Stalingrad workers and to the people queueing up for bread in Moscow, the meaning was not quite the same. To them the tractors meant bigger crops, the passing of a medieval economy, the transmutation of countless thousands of ragged peasants into teachers, scientists, artists, army officers, technicians, administrators. Food and opportunity, that was what they saw when they looked at a tractor or the picture of a tractor in a movie theatre. It was, indeed, a "hopeful vision," a vision that eased the day's labor and mitigated the pangs of hunger. I thought of manicured hands, innocent of toil, clipping coupons, in subterranean Wall Street cubicles; of paunchy tourists, in Miami and Pasadena, stopping on their way to the race track, to deposit dividend checks. It was something to think about.

Elmer Rice

The Stalingrad tractor plant paid dividends, too, but of a rather different sort. Like many other Americans (and many Russians, too), I lamented the unremitting ruthlessness with which the industrialization and collectivization programs had been forced through. But four years later, on a second visit to the Soviet Union, I began to see the answer. Flying from Kharkov to Moscow, I saw Russia's bread-basket spread out below me; miles and miles of unbroken wheat-fields; silos and flour mills; paved roads, plied by motor trucks; solid, clean collective farmsteads. And, in the cities, the bread lines had disappeared. Feet were encased in shoes, instead of in the accustomed rags. There were new schools, new museums, new parks, new theatres.

If you made thoughtless jokes about the defects of Soviet razor blades or watches or cameras, your Russian friend drew himself up, proudly, and said: "Yes, but these are *ours!*" Ours! We made them; we paid for them and we know what they cost. We made the tools and the machines, not to produce profits for stockholders, but to build the framework of a modern society, to make our labor more fruitful, to procure for ourselves the benefits of education, science, and culture; to make ourselves strong enough to repel the predatory invader.

If I found part of the answer in that flight over the Ukraine eight years ago, anybody can find it today, on the banks of the Dnieper and the

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Dniester, on the plains of Poland and Bessarabia. Without the increased yield of the collective farms, the Russian people could not have survived invasion. Without the release of half or more than half the agricultural workers, there would have been no such Red Army, no such industrial plant to supply it. Were it not for the organization, the discipline, the "hopeful vision of mankind," the fierce pride of achievement that in a quarter-century has fused a hundred and fifty million dispersed and illiterate peasants into a unified, resourceful, victorious people, England might today be a Nazi fortress and our nights hideous with the roar of Goering's bombers.

We are all beneficiaries of the Red Army's might and none of us can, with grace, sneer at Russia's "materialism." Though I do not feel qualified to pass upon the soundness of Mr. DeVoto's literary judgments, I can say, with conviction, that he has shown a remarkable lack of perceptiveness in his appraisal of the Russian Revolution.

ELMER RICE.

An Evaluation of Mr. Roosevelt

MR. ROOSEVELT. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1944. 256 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

COMPTON MACKENZIE, one of England's most prolific writers (his publishers boast he has written sixty-four books since 1908), has dashed off in high excitement a glowing account of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Even as ardent an admirer of Roosevelt and his works as this reviewer hardly realized what a great man has been President of the United States since March 4, 1933.

Mr. Mackenzie apologizes for having "broken the wise rule that a writer should not entangle himself with contemporary biography," and gives the impression that he just could not contain himself any longer. For years, apparently, Mr. Roosevelt's career has fascinated him, and now that the President "is drawing near to the crisis of his wonderful career," he has succumbed to the very understandable urge to write about it.

For American readers Mr. Mackenzie's biography offers nothing that is not widely known about Mr. Roosevelt or his amazing family. Because of the exigencies of war-time he has been forced to take his material from the most readily available sources: Ernest K. Lindley's authentic biographies, Mrs. Roosevelt's "This Is My Story," and the nine volumes of the "Public Papers of Franklin D. Roosevelt," edited by Judge Samuel Rosenman. He also pays tribute to Gerald Johnson's too little known study, "Roosevelt: Dictator or Democrat?," surely one of the wisest studies of the President ever written.

Perhaps the most interesting observation by Mr. Mackenzie is to be found in his preface. After reading the nine volumes of Mr. Roosevelt's public papers he comes to the conclusion that consistency is the key to Roosevelt's character.

It is not so much consistency of opinion that I mean as consistency of character. No man of mark should be expected to display a steady consistency of opinion, for that would imply a deficiency of imagination; but we have a right to demand that a man of mark should not suggest a personal irresponsibility or expediency when he changes his mind. Mr. Lloyd George's Irish policy, for instance, was a repudiation of what a student of his career was compelled to believe was his own fundamental creed. No such betrayal of his essential self is discernible in Mr. Roosevelt's statesmanship.

Aware that "some millions of Americans" can not see this at all (did Mr. Roosevelt not "betray his own class"!) Mr. Mackenzie pretty well proves his thesis by long and often judicious quotations from Roosevelt's own words. For this his biography is of some pertinence to Americans at this particular moment. "Mr. Roosevelt" is essentially a British plea to continue him in office until the war is ended. It sheds no little light upon why the British are extremely interested in what happens in America next November, in spite of *The Daily News'* assertion that our election is none of their damned business.

F. D. R.

"Those of us in Britain and the dominions who have the deepest respect for Mr. Roosevelt's statesmanship respect him," says Mr. Mackenzie, not so much "because he is able to appreciate the British point of view," as because he has "a so much clearer grasp of the world as a whole than any other statesman now in power."

Mr. Mackenzie, who might read with profit George Fort Milton's "The Use of Presidential Power," thinks no President has shown, more practically than Mr. Roosevelt, a recognition of the responsibilities of office. He has also had remarkable luck. But beyond consistency of character, responsibility of office, and luck, lie his great sense of justice and his belief in democracy.

> If at this moment [says Mr. Mackenzie] democracy can still be acclaimed as the political ideal of all humanity, it is due supremely to Franklin D. Roosevelt, who has illuminated the ancient word with his own vitality so that it glows again as warmly upon his lips as upon the lips of Pericles in the market place of Athens two thousand four hundred years ago. . . . The Vatican trusts Roosevelt. Jewry trusts Roosevelt. Tormented France trusts Roosevelt. Greece, glorious in her chains, trusts Roosevelt. Martyred Poland . . . dogged Holland . . . China, risen from a sleep of centuries . . . Latin America, so long a suspicious neighbor, trusts Roosevelt. Even the poor, poisoned heart of Italy beats feebly for Roosevelt. And we in Britain and the Dominions of the Empire trust the man who, speaking in our common tongue, first gave us the assurance of victory when adamantine Churchill had pledged our honor and committed us to the proud defiance we knew we desired to offer.

It is doubtful if any Englishman ever wrote more glowlingly of an American leader than Mr. Mackenzie, in his breathless book, writes of Franklin D. Roosevelt. He could hardly have been more enthusiastic if he had been hired to write a campaign biography for the Democratic Party for 1944. And undoubtedly he is fundamentally right.

Twenty-four excellently printed color illustrations, reproduced from paintings, engravings, lithographs, and photographs at Hyde Park and in the White House, add greatly to the interest and value of this book. There are also fully a hundred half-tones. Many of them are well known. Others, from Mr. Roosevelt's private collection, are shown here for the first time. Robert E. Coates's color-photographs of the family portraits of Mr. Roosevelt and his ancestors are especially good.

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THE PULITZER PRIZES

As a change from its previous Pulitzer Prize polls, in which *The Saturday Review* surveyed the nation's book reviewers for their nominations in advance of the awards, the attempt has been made this year to obtain opinion and comment on the awards themselves. Accordingly, thirty-five reviewers were polled; of these, thirty have replied.

Generally, trend-spotting based on questionnaires is a tricky business; but the replies in this case seem sufficiently explicit to warrant a few observations. The disappointment with the current selections, as a whole, was fairly general. Some of the critics went beyond comment on the current selections to a general criticism of the Committee itself and the Prizes as an institution. The feeling in these cases seemed to be that the awards had lost a great deal of their old prestige. Several reviewers, however, did come to the defense of the Committee, pointing out that the available books themselves offered little opportunity for awards that might carry importance and distinction. At least two critics commented that the present selections represented high judgment.

Only in one category—poetry, where the selection was Stephen Vincent Benét's "Western Star"—was there widespread general approval on the critics' lists. In fiction, history, and biography, the Committee's selections received only minority endorsement.

Only three reviewers agreed with the Committee's choice of "Journey in the Dark," by Martin Flavin. The voting was heaviest—equally so—for John Marquand's "So Little Time," and Betty Smith's "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," with several critics stating they would have been satisfied with either choice. The fact that Mr. Marquand had already won a Pulitzer Award in fiction was taken into account by a few critics in their choices of other titles. In addition to the novels by Mr. Marquand and Miss Smith, Wallace Stegner's "Big Rock Candy Mountain" and Catherine Weston's "Indigo" were the only other titles receiving more than a single mention. In the case of Miss Weston's book, the reviewers anticipated that the India locale made the book ineligible under the terms of the Committee's selections, but felt that the work was of such high calibre that an exception might have been made.

In history, the balloting was concentrated almost entirely between Merle Curti's "Growth of American Thought," which won the award, and Bernard DeVoto's "Year of Decision: 1846," the former of which received ten votes and the latter eight. A scattering of other votes mentioned nine other preferences, none of which received more than a single vote.

Though the Committee's choice in biography received strong support, it placed behind "George Washington Carver," by Rackham Holt. "Walt Whitman," by Henry Seidel Canby, and "Connecticut Yankee," by Wilbur Cross, also figured prominently in the voting.

Comment on the questionnaires was optional. Here are some excerpts from notations by the reviewers:

J. Donald Adams *(N. Y. Times Book Review):* "This year's awards seem to me notable for the reason that there is not one really bad choice among them. Also, I think that in each category, except, perhaps that of poetry, a good case might be made for two or three titles."

Mary Stahlman Douglas *(Nashville Banner):* "The year seemed definitely lacking in biography, history, and poetry. New classifications are needed to cover the first-rate work that is coming out of the war, though the correspondents' awards help to take care of this. Approve of award for Ernie Pyle!"

Harry Hansen *(N. Y. World-Telegram):* " 'Journey in the Dark' belongs to the 1920's in writing; the vitality, gusto, and folklore quality of 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn' make it superior."

Max J. Hertzberg *(Newark Evening News):* "Fiction choice is particularly inept. Flavin's is a good workmanlike novel but no masterpiece."

William M. Inge *(St. Louis Star-Times):* "Recognition should be made somewhere for such a remarkable book as Salvador Dali's autobiography."

J. M. Lalley *(Washington Post):* "The awards seemed to me rather more futile than usual this year; but when I undertake to propose alternatives, I begin to understand something of the Committee's difficulties . . . Would it not be better to suspend the prize awards for the duration, or possibly forever?"

Charles Lee *(Philadelphia Record):* "I usually quarrel with the Pulitzer Awards. This year I think they're fine. Can it be that the Committee are actually reading?"

Bennett Cerf *(Esquire):* "The gentlemen who award the Pulitzer Prizes proved a long time ago that they were reactionaries of the first water who would consistently and invariably ignore any book, news story, or cartoon that had any real social significance, or that dared depart in any way from the conventional pattern defined in the 1890's."

Jay Lewis *(Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch):* "Pulitzer choices not so bad. Best biography of year was Aldington's 'The Duke,' but ineligible. How would you classify Lin Yutang's 'Between Tears and Laughter'?"

Helen McAfee *(Yale Review):* "I don't know whether American background clause still applies to fiction. If not, I should put Koestler's 'Arrival and Departure' first as most distinguished achievement of the year. . . . I should have voted for either the Cross or the Carver . . . each unique in its way and significant in relation to both our traditions and our future social development."

Robert Molloy *(N. Y. Sun):* "Difference of opinion makes literary prizes something to talk about. And why a posthumous award?"

Orville Prescott *(N. Y. Times):* "The Pulitzer record continues to go

The Death of George Washington Carver

By Alexander Duffy

SHUT my eyes with a willow wand,
Shut my ears with a jungle dream:
My heart will beat beyond
Your magic and your incantations.
Bury me here among the great
Far from the old plantations.
Sing me a white man's lullaby,
Sing me a dirge in jive,
Cut me a tombstone tall and pale
To stand beneath the midnight sky . . .
A milestone on the black man's trail.
Enscroll my name to suit your pride,
Beat back the fires of prejudice,
Whip up the cause anew . . .
But zealots all, remember this:
No matter what your chant may be,
The black the white the red the blue,
I died and went where no man knows . . .
My death belongs to ME.

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from bad to worse on the fiction awards. With such books as 'Never Call Retreat,' 'Indigo,' and 'Thunderhead,' to choose from in addition to 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,' the choice seems determinedly perverse. . . . In times like these, when race prejudice is so virulent, the Committee missed an obvious opportunity to reward a really fine book in the Carver biography."

JOHN SELBY *(Associated Press):* "It seems to me that the classifications do not provide for all sorts of books, especially in these war years. . . . It also seems to me that in some way the Committee should evolve a minimum standard, however difficult that might be, and quietly hole in each year when there is nothing above that standard."

CHARLES A. WAGNER *(N. Y. Daily Mirror):* "While 'Under Cover' may not strictly adhere to the stated designation for the history award, it is nevertheless the most important book outlining the history of American social perfidy in a generation."

KATHERINE WOODS *(Tomorrow):* "My poetry choice is not dictated by any lack of appreciation of Mr. Benét's work, but by the feeling that the award should go to a younger artist, and one to whom we can look—as alas no longer to S. V. B.—for further good writing."

Following are the tabulation breakdowns according to category, book, and reviewer:

Fiction

"So Little Time"
By JOHN MARQUAND

Alice Dixon Bond, *The Boston Herald;* Helen Bower, *Detroit Free Press;* Robert O. Foote, *Pasadena Star-News;* Jay Lewis, *Ledger Dispatch,* Norfolk, Va.; Robert Molloy, *The New York Sun;* Ted Robinson, *Cleveland Plain Dealer;* Howard Taylor, *The Philadelphia Inquirer;* R. Van Gelder, *The New York Times;* Katherine Woods, *Tomorrow.*

"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"
By BETTY SMITH

Mary Stahlman Douglas, *Nashville Banner;* Gilbert E. Govan, *Chattanooga Times;* Harry Hansen, *N. Y. World-Telegram;* Helen McAfee, *The Yale Review;* Sterling North, *New York Post;* Orville Prescott, *The New York Times, Cue;* W. M. Reddy, *Kansas City Star;* Howard Taylor; ‡ Charles A. Wagner, *N. Y. Mirror.*

"Journey in the Dark"
By MARTIN FLAVIN

J. Donald Adams, *New York Times Book Review;* Charles Lee, *Philadelphia Record;* John Chamberlain, *New York Times.*

"Big Rock Candy Mountain"
By WALLACE STEGNER

Winfield T. Scott, *Providence Journal;* Edward Weeks, *Atlantic Monthly.*

* *"Indigo"*
By C. G. WESTON

John Selby, Associated Press; John Chamberlain, *New York Times.* (Favored over "Journey in the Dark," though ineligibility acknowledged.)

‡Dual choice.
*Ineligible; foreign locale.

"The Fountainhead"
By AYN RAND

Max J. Herzberg, *Newark Evening News.*

"Arrival and Departure"
By ARTHUR KOESTLER

William M. Inge, *St. Louis Star-Times.*

"The Lost Weekend"
By CHARLES JACKSON

William M. Inge.

"The Apostle"
By SHOLEM ASCH

J. M. Lalley, *Washington Post.*

History

"The Growth of American Thought"
By MERLE CURTI

J. Donald Adams, Gilbert E. Govan, Harry Hansen, William M. Inge, Charles Lee, Helen McAfee, Robert Molloy, W. M. Reddy, John Selby, R. Van Gelder.

"Year of Decision: 1846"
By BERNARD DEVOTO

Alice Dixon Bond; Max J. Herzberg; Dorothy Hillyer, *Boston Globe;* Gerald W. Johnson, *Baltimore Sun;* Orville Prescott; Winfield T. Scott; Howard Taylor; Katherine Woods.

"Queens Die Proudly"
By WILLIAM L. WHITE

Helen Bower, *Detroit Free Press.*

"Lee's Lieutenants," Vol. II
By DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN

Mary Stahlman Douglas.

"The American"
By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

Robert O. Foote.

"The Discovery of Freedom"
By ROSE WILDER LANE

Jay Lewis.

"The God of the Machine"
By ISABEL PATERSON

Jay Lewis.

"The Republic"
By CHARLES A. BEARD

Ted Robinson.

"Under Cover"
By JOHN ROY CARLSON

Charles A. Wagner.

"Origins of the American Revolution"
By JOHN C. MILLER

Edward Weeks.

Biography

"George Washington Carver"
By RACKHAM HOLT

J. Donald Adams, Alice Dixon Bond, Helen Bower, Harry Hansen, Max J. Herzberg, Charles Lee, Helen McAfee, Sterling North, Orville Prescott, Charles A. Wagner, Katherine Woods.

"The American Leonardo: The Life of Samuel F. B. Morse"
By CARLETON MABEE

Robert O. Foote, William M. Inge, Robert Molloy, Sterling North, W. M. Reddy, Ted Robinson, John Selby, Howard Taylor, R. Van Gelder.

"Walt Whitman"
By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Gilbert E. Govan, Winfield T. Scott.

"Judah P. Benjamin: Confederate Statesman"
By ROBERT D. MEADE

Mary Stahlman Douglas.

"Autobiography of a Superfluous Man"
By ALBERT J. NOCK

J. M. Lalley.

"The Philosophy of Thomas Jefferson"
By ADRIENNE KOCH

Jay Lewis.

"Connecticut Yankee"
By WILBUR L. CROSS

Helen McAfee.

"Harvest of My Years"
By CHANNING POLLOCK

Jay Lewis.

"Persons and Places"
By GEORGE SANTAYANA

Edward Weeks.

Poetry

"Western Star"
By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

J. Donald Adams, Alice Dixon Bond, Helen Bower, John Chamberlain, Mary Stahlman Douglas, Robert O. Foote, Gilbert E. Govan, Harry Hansen, Max J. Herzberg, Dorothy Hillyer, Gerald W. Johnson, Charles Lee, Jay Lewis, Helen McAfee, Robert Molloy, Sterling North, W. M. Reddy, Ted Robinson, John Selby, Howard Taylor, R. Van Gelder, Charles A. Wagner, Edward Weeks.

"Person, Place and Thing"
By KARL SHAPIRO

Winfield T. Scott.

"Poems"
By DUNSTAN THOMPSON

Katherine Woods.

HOOSIER FABULIST

THE beginning of our century saw the beginnings of a growing interest in what Henry L. Mencken has since called "The American Language." It first took the form of an interest in what is generally known as "Slang." Slang should be mentioned as one of the chief contributions the United States has made to modern life and literature! Not that other nations do not have slang. Of course they do. They evult in all sorts of colloquial expression. But never has it effloresced so abundantly as here.

In the year 1900 appeared a little book by an American Hoosier born in Kentland, Indiana, whose father had been born in England. It was "Fables in Slang" by George Ade. Mr. Ade had already published three books, "Artie" in 1896, "Pink Marsh" in 1897, and "Doc Horne" in 1899. He had taken previously a science course at Purdue, although he was a total loss in mathematics. "Total loss" is slang. Later on in life he was to get honorary degrees both from Purdue and from Indiana University, because he became an American classic.

The year "Fables in Slang" appeared, Ade did his last newspaper work, of which he had already done a yeoman's share, and ventured forth to China, Japan, and the Philippines. He has said that he never wanted to be comic or, indeed, tried to be, yet he is best remembered as a humorist, and a writer of what used to be called "comic opera," and today is known as "musical comedy." Perhaps his oriental travels inspired "The Sultan of Sulu"; as certainly his Indiana days did "The County Chairman." When the present writer was entering college, he was taken to see "The Col-

(*Please turn to page* 28)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Bernard DeVoto and Sinclair Lewis

SIR: As a lifelong reader of Mark Twain, and within modest limits a specialist thereabouts, I have what our Quaker friends call a "concern" about one statement in Mr. Sinclair Lewis's assault on Mr. DeVoto. I refer to the gibe that Mark, "unfortunately for his future reputation, has now been taken over by Mr. Bernard DeVoto as executor." Most of us who have anything to do with the scholarship about Mark Twain will agree that Mr. DeVoto has been incomparably the most salutary influence in the whole history of that field. "Mark Twain's America" rehabilitated him from the cult of damaged souls, from psychographers who took him in hand a dozen years before and tried to prove that the artist's boyhood and frontier days had a sordid, degrading effect upon him, or else that he was born to be the New World Rabelais but suffered castration by his wife and Howells and Joe Twichell.

The closer scrutiny which Mr. DeVoto has since given to the unpublished papers, notably in his fine volume "Mark Twain at Work," proves beyond much dispute that his supposed "ordeal" was no mere esthetic dilemma of frustration but the result of intensely personal griefs and disillusions in later life. Also that Mark Twain knew better what he was trying to do than did the Freudians. Mr. DeVoto has cleared the air, and restored here both horse sense and brilliant perception.

All of us are indebted to the distinguished work of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, rather on the score of criticism than of psychoanalysis, but it should be recognized frankly that the latter-day Brooks, of Emerson's New England and Irving's New York, is vastly superior to the Brooks of Mark Twain's Missouri a quarter century ago. From us, the minor workers in the vineyard, Mr. DeVoto merits lasting gratitude on still another score: he has opened to all qualified students the rich stores of unpublished papers upon which the late Albert Bigelow Paine long sat with uneasy possessiveness and low incubative warmth.

Mr. Lewis's attack upon Mr. DeVoto's alter ego John August, with ridicule of anyone who writes potboilers for livelihood, cannot pass without loyal challenge from one who like myself was a child thirty years ago, subscriber to *The Youth's Companion* and reader of folksy magazines like *The Housekeeper* in which our circle abounded. Mr. Lewis, I hope, does not begrudge his unknown reader of long ago the innocent delight of such Ludovican fantasies as "On Wash-Bowl Sea," "The Gas-Stove Beast," or "Curly-Tail Pup and Me." Nor, at a slightly later stage of adolescence, those fine *Saturday Evening Post* tales, "Nature Incorporated," "Honestly It's Possible," or "Twenty-Four Hours in June"—nostalgic stories redolent of mignonette and the savor of Swift's Premium. From another angle I beg permission to defend the basic plot of Mr. DeVoto's "Woman in the Picture" against Mr. Lewis's charge of cynicism because it "shows his belief in the people of these United States by depicting us as so dumb, softheaded, and ill-governed . . . that in the summer of 1942 a villain right out of the movies . . . a power-maniac, was, with only half a dozen plotters, going to take over and destroy our democracy." As a reader of that admirable book "It Can't Happen Here," I rise to object. It's a damn good plot. So what?

Mr. DeVoto's writings show that he has a temper, but I venture to think almost always temper with a purpose. Benny in Eruption is one of the classic sights of our literary landscape, without which it would be poorer, flatter, more alluvial. On the other hand, Mr. Lewis's spleen strikes one as classifiable (by Major Powell or any other geologist) as a kind of mud fumarole, venting itself with explosive aimlessness over the general terrain of American letters. I find it hard wholly to share his praise of Lewis and his school as "men who so loved their country that they were willing to report its transient dangers and stupidities." Thanks largely to that generation, modern Europe built up its notions of the United States as a Babbitt warren whose denizens were rich, vulgar go-getters, too materialistic to fight for anything but their own plump skins. This report from America helped start the fashion for ridiculing American democracy which chimed perfectly with the predilections of the Master Race. If this be love of country, then many of us stand ready cheerfully to subscribe to Dr. Samuel Johnson's well-known definition of patriotism?

DIXON WECTER.

"Who do you think you are—Chris Morley?" —*Bo Brown*

SIR: Perhaps a bystander should refrain from entering the controversy over "The Literary Fallacy," a book certainly in sympathy with if not inspired by that apostle of the newer education who wrote that we must "explore the roots of the American climate of opinion and discover the factors that have produced our undisputed regime of hypocrisy," but when facts are abused, the spectator must be warned in time to run for cover. Mr. DeVoto has satisfied himself that these roots of our climate have been poisoned at their tender tips by the writers of the twenties, and he has made the not entirely original discovery that literature is

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not the whole of culture, but he is not content with letting it go at that. As one writing with authority, albeit with an Aristotelean excess of rhetoric, he reproaches his colleagues for their ignorance of certain matters connected with the Bureau of Reclamation, and incidentally, Major Powell, who is, by his inference, the moving spirit behind them:

> One thinks of the Reclamation Service—how additional millions may live in Los Angeles, how crops may grow in the Imperial Valley and innumerable other places where once crops could not grow, how magnesium may be made in the Nevada desert, how millions of horsepower may be generated at Grand Coulee, how alfalfa or fruit trees now make alive the once dead land of the alkali desert, how the immemorial effort of men to master their environment has succeeded in hundreds of thousands of square miles because the Reclamation Service found the knowledge and put it to work. What is culture? What is civilization? ("The Literary Fallacy," p. 132.)

To begin with, our author does not seem to have heard that on July 1, 1923, the Reclamation Service was officially renamed the Bureau of Reclamation—a minor point, perhaps, but one on which we must expect a scholar to be accurate. This agency had no part in the development of the Imperial Valley, in fact the reverse may be nearer the truth, for the Imperial Valley project was in operation by 1901, a year before the establishment of the Bureau of Reclamation. Nor was it a result of Powell's 1878 "Report on the Arid Lands," as DeVoto implies on another page, for it was debated in Congress before the Civil War, and the idea is generally credited to a Dr. Wozencraft, who first expressed it in 1850. Nor are we reminded that the Imperial Valley was developed by private capital, that it was condemned as unsound and foolhardy at the time by the Department of Agriculture, and that it was encouraged and then saved from destruction by that loathesome octopus, the Southern Pacific Railroad. One thinks, indeed!

As for the "additional millions in Los Angeles," by which one must assume he is referring to the Owens River diversion and aqueduct, the part taken in that project by the Bureau of Reclamation was not beyond reproach. Mary Austin, whose personal bias may have confused her judgment, referred to the conduct of the bureau as base treachery and deception. At any rate, it had no active part in designing or constructing the project. And the mention of magnesium and horsepower should be enough to remind the reader that the Bureau of Reclamation is straying far from its original function of irrigating arid lands; as the careful student of the Bureau's activity knows, there is danger that it will eventually become primarily an engineering agency, subordinating the agricultural uses of water to the power schedule of its dynamos. Of course this change of emphasis is enabling the Bureau to avoid the embarrassing shortcomings of its irrigation projects, few of which are successful as economic ventures however they may have helped men to master their environment.

All of which may be culture and civilization, although a resident of northern California may not consider Los Angeles the happiest example of culture in this land, and a neo-Thoreauvian like myself denies that culture can be measured in numbers of people in a city, the questionable success of vast public works projects which destroy rivers and salmon runs, and the weird humming of the dynamos and transmission lines as they convey the Rotarian apocalypse to every backwoods privy. Still, if these things are all that Mr. DeVoto claims them to be, why has he exiled himself in Boston to bask in that same decadent environment which has produced Mr. Brooks, why does he take both the parts of the mob and Pilate, crying, "Crucify Brooks! Release unto me Major Powell!" and staying not for an answer after flinging "What is Culture? What is civilization?" at his harassed reader as the parting shot of a barrage of inaccuracies and subjective appraisals?

JOEL W. HEDGPETH.

Walnut Creek, Calif.

Literary Shepherd

SIR: Since Mr. Benét has asked *SRL* readers to identify the original of Arthur Stringer's poem, "An Old Editor Is Remembered," I venture the guess that the person so appreciatively memoralized is D. L. Chambers, President of Bobbs-Merrill. I'd like to believe that a man who has written such an honest tribute must be addressing it to the publisher who for a quarter of a century has published his books. But I, who for half that time have known Mr. Chambers and been the recipient of his help, even if the poem had not been signed by a Bobbs-Merrill author, would recognize in it the portrait of no other than Mr. Chambers.

Those of us who have worked with him know his peculiar self-effacement, how he leaves an author free to express himself even if the hazards of material success are thereby increased. We know the real humility of this man who has played such a part in our lives, never presuming to shape whatever inspiration we may have thought we had. Indeed a shepherd, as Mr. Stringer has said, never a dictator. Thanks, Mr. Stringer, for paying this tribute, this calling attention to a man who slips so quietly in and out of New York that few have had the chance to know him.

ALICE TISDALE HOBART.

Washington, D. C.

"The Razor's Edge"

SIR: Mr. Harrison Smith turned off the Somerset book better than any other reviewer, according to my observation. Both in exercise of nice critical judgment and in writing. A damned fine piece of work, sir.

I dug up a copy of "Liza" at the State Library here and loaned it and shall be glad to lend it to you, if you care to look it over. If you don't you'll not miss much. It serves as a starting point for measuring how far Maugham developed and progressed between "Liza" and "Of Human Bondage," that which *I* hold to be his high watermark.

"The Razor's Edge" has its points, but the story itself seemed thin and blurry to me, especially in the department presided over by the nonheroic hero—that sort of a third carbon copy of the Lowly Nazarene. Even the genius of Maugham couldn't put that rag doll across. What saves the latest example of his skill in literary architecture in the cathedral manner is the magnificent brilliantly adorned Lady chapels that he worked in, in his grateful digressions into personal characterization and action.

Lord spare him to us to tell us what he does think of us and of our country. But if he does, and straightforwardly and right in our teeth, we'd better dig ourselves some foxholes in which to shelter against his whips and scorns.

Please employ such influence as you may have in those parts to the end that Lewis shall not again be turned loose to rampage around like an enraged old lady rattling and snapping her false teeth at one.

ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY.

Harrisburg, Penn.

Letter Suent

SIR: Will some English reader of the *SRL* tell me the meaning of the words' "suent" and "suently?" I have found them in reading English magazines, but they are not in the Oxford dictionary or any American dictionary that I have consulted.

I have looked everywhere for the definition of these words and think they must be country dialect.

"Suent," or "suant," as it is alternately used, is defined in the Century Dictionary as "following, pursuant, sequent." Thoreau used the word in Walden: "The Middlesex Cattle Show goes off here with éclat annually, as if all the joints of the agricultural machine were *suent*."

SOPHIE KERR UNDERWOOD.

New York City.

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TRADE Winds

THERE WAS A TIME about ten or fifteen years ago when the most famous beard in the literary world adorned the countenance of a reasonably distinguished critic who could be heard pontificating practically any afternoon near the bar of whatever publisher's cocktail party chanced to be in progress. He would stroke his beard with a gentle and tentative gesture comparable to a movie star milking a cow for a publicity photograph, and orate at length on any subject from Abyssinia to Zoroaster. One unkind critic hinted that the beard concealed a pocket-sized encyclopedia; another, more acidulous, withered him one day with "What you need, my man, is a good shave. *You look like an armpit!*"

At any rate, the fame of this critic's beard was long ago eclipsed by that of Monty Woolley, Yale professor, bon vivant, wit, and motion-picture star, whose whiskers are his trademark and have been impressed in the pavement of Grauman's Chinese Theatre alongside Charlie Chaplin's shoes and Betty Grable's legs. Woolley was one of the guests at a Cole Porter party some years ago where the composer introduced a new number he had written called "Miss Otis Regrets She's Unable to Lunch Today, Madam." The burden of this lugubrious chant concerned an urgent appointment that Miss Otis had with the public hangman, necessitating a complete curtailment of her social activities. Woolley fell passionately in love with the song and sang it willy-nilly at every party he attended for the next year. He sang it so well, in fact, that people began to suspect he was wasting his time at Yale. He was talked into a substantial part in a musical comedy called "On Your Toes," where he held his own against such accomplished show-stealers as Ray Bolger and Louella Gear, and then really reached the heights when Kaufman and Hart had the happy inspiration to cast him as Alexander Woollcott in "The Man Who Came to Dinner." He played the part in Hollywood, too, and will probably be there from now on.

Woolley is reported to have summoned his butler one morning (this story is also credited sometimes to J. S. Bache, and was used in Bemelmans's "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep") and said, "I'd like to know what my household expenses really amount to out here. If you will be good enough to leave out of the bills your rake-off on food, liquor, laundry, gasoline, and God knows what else, I will be happy to add it to your salary at the end of the month." "Mr. Woolley," said the butler gravely, "you couldn't afford it."

On one of his visits to New York between pictures, Woolley gave a party for his old friends. It was a very formal affair, and Woolley didn't consider it amusing at all when Cole Porter showed up with a bearded lady from the circus as his escort. Porter listened to Woolley's remonstrances for a moment, then turned to the bearded lady and remarked, "Madam, your son has atrocious manners."

At a bond rally in Hartford, Woolley sat, toying with his famous beard, next to a prominent lady author, waiting for his turn to address the assemblage. Suddenly he belched. The lady author gave him a horrified look. Woolley bridled. "And what did you expect, my good woman," he inquired. "Chimes?" Woolley was so pleased with this line that he insisted it be written into his next role in Hollywood.

The representative of a large publishing house recently suggested that Woolley pen his autobiography. Woolley announced that he was already engaged on just such a project, but added, "I'm afraid you're too late. I've sworn to an old pupil and deep personal friend of mine, now in the publishing business, that he will get first look at anything I write." The representative expressed his disappointment, and started to leave. "One moment, young man," boomed Woolley, beckoning him back. "There was nothing absolutely BINDING, you understand." . . .

TWO VALUABLE additions to **Viking's** Portable Library—"The Collected Works of Dorothy Parker" and "The World Bible"—give ample proof that handsome, sturdy books can still be made, despite all wartime restrictions. A few other publishers are carrying a bad thing too far. . . . Discerning collectors are placing advance orders for Pantheon's edition of Herman Broch's "Death of Vergil." It will contain both the original German and Jean Starr Untermeyer's English translation. . . . All of Publishers' Row seems delighted with the addition of Clifton Fadiman to the board of judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club, the official confirmation of Robert Van Gelder's post as editor of *The New York Times* Book Review, and the appointment of Louis

"He claims he can read me like a book, but he always forgets his place!"

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Untermeyer to the editorial board of the Armed Services Editions. . . . Bruce Rogers is finally completing a project he has had in the back of his mind for years: a limited edition of Euclid, with diagrams in six colors. . . . When Aaron Sussman opened his new advertising office, a friend gave him a framed quotation of the 1936 world's champion hog-caller: "You've got to have appeal as well as power in your voice. You've got to convince the hogs you have something for them!" . . . Ziff-Davis staged an impressive literary luncheon in Chicago, but when Mr. Ziff himself didn't show up, Fanny Butcher's plan to warble "Good Morning, Mr. Ziff Ziff Ziff" in a throaty contralto had to be abandoned. . . . Bob Considine is seeking a title for a forthcoming tome on Tarawa. His wife suggested "Tarawa-Boom-de-ay." . . .

"THE RAZOR'S EDGE" is W. Somerset Maugham's thirteenth major full-length novel, not to mention seven volumes of short stories, three collections of essays, four travel tomes, eighteen full-length plays, and six one-act comedies. In addition to all this, Mr. Maugham finds time to lead a pretty full life of his own. Right now unidentified Nazis are occupying his villa in Cannes, although signs point to a reasonably early departure. Maugham awaits the day in this country, figuring out English and American income taxes, which he claims total about $1.10 on the dollar, wintering with his publisher, Nelson Doubleday, and playing a great deal of bridge. In the middle of one rubber he remarked, "You know I can do anything I really make up my mind to." "Good heaven," cried his partner, one George S. Kaufman, "Do you really *want* to play so badly?"

Mr. Maugham is seventy years old, but is still a fine figure of a man. He says he'd still be playing tennis if he hadn't overheard a spectator murmur as he quit the court a few summers ago, "Gad, he plays well for a gaffer his age!" He dashes about from one party of the right people to another, in much the same fashion as the Elliot Templeton he lampoons in "The Razor's Edge." "I prefer small parties," he told one reporter. "Four is a wonderful number, six is all right, and eight will do. After that it's not a party; it's a rabble." . . .

DICK RODGERS, the composer, is also no mean hand at spilling a yarn. He stopped a recent poker game cold when he told the story of a similar session at which the unfortunate Mr. Jones, with an incurable passion for drawing to inside straights, not only lost his entire bankroll, but had to endure the unmerciful jibes of his companions as well.

"What am I going to use for money until the pay check comes in on Friday?" he wailed. The editor of a weekly magazine fished a five-spot out of his pocket. "Your tears are destroying me," said he. "Take this money and scram." Walking home, the disconsolate Jones was accosted by a bedraggled lady of the streets who burst into tears when he shoved her aside unceremoniously. "I'm starving," she said in a low voice. "If you don't help me, I swear I'm going to kill myself." "Heck," reasoned Jones, "This is my night all right." He handed her the five-dollar bill. "I will never forget you," she assured him. "You've restored some of my faith in humanity!"

The next morning Jones was glancing over the newspaper when he noticed a headline that read, "Body of Unknown Woman Taken from River." The description of her dress and hat proved beyond a doubt that the suicide was the woman he had befriended.

He met the editor at lunch. "What did you do after you left us, Jones?" said the editor idly. "Nothing at all. I just walked home," said Jones. "Didn't you spend any money?" "Not a cent. Why?" "Oh," mused the editor. "We were just wondering what would happen to you when you tried to palm off that phony five-dollar bill we gave you."

BENNETT CERF.

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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BYWAYS OF HISTORY

"Apes and ivory, skulls and roses,
in junks of old Hong-Kong,
Gliding over a sea of dreams to a
haunted shore of song."
—ALFRED NOYES

FROM time to time a book appears, bearing the Borzoi imprint, which is not readily classifiable as history, biography or travel, but partakes of the character of all these, with an added alchemy of its own. The first of these, *Land of the Great Image*, by Maurice Collis, told of the incredible adventures of Friar Manrique in the kingdom of Arakan. It was greeted with delight and amazement by many readers. I am sure that the two newest volumes in *Byways of History* will be received with equal enthusiasm.

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Southern Failure

THE RED COCK CROWS. By Frances Gaither. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 313 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FRANK DANIEL

A GENERATION of Southerners now too old for the draft, having come along when the last of the ex-slaves were still cooking and gardening for the white folks, remember as a truism of their early years that colored people were a great deal better off before than after the Emancipation Proclamation. This popular opinion was corroborated by a regional literature of devoted servitors, body-servants, and mammies who in song and story yearned touchingly for de Massa and de Mistis and de ol' plantation, ringing with glad song to banjo obbligato. The only dissidents were those ex-slaves who could enliven kitchen and back-yard cabin with tales of patrollers, called patter-rollers, and how they were eluded, but who never once voiced any wish for the return of those brave olden times. They were still in servitude but no longer in bondage, and if they had little else of which to be proud, they were proud of their freedom.

There were also a few Civil War veterans around, sometimes maimed and sometimes senile, but their conversation seldom held the fascination for the young ascribed to it by tradition. Moreover they were expedient, being usually recipients of pensions, and they were lotus-eaters at the barbecues with which the United Daughters of the Confederacy periodically regaled them.

Such discrepancies of opinion may have moved the descendants of slave-owners to look into the facts. Miss Margaret Mitchell performed this service and found no sociological implications in the institution of slavery. Frances Gaither, who disclosed tremendous ones in "Follow the Drinking Gourd," presents a contrasting situation but the same conclusion in "The Red Cock Crows." The Drinking Gourd of the first novel was the Big Dipper, which guided runaway slaves to the Ohio River and freedom. The scene of that story was the frontier plantation, to which homesick slaves were sent to clear ground and cultivate a few crops before the grossly wasteful system exhausted each new plantation in turn. From this wilderness exile, harassed by a changing series of tough overseers, a slave might all too understandably attempt to escape.

But in her new novel Mrs. Gaither

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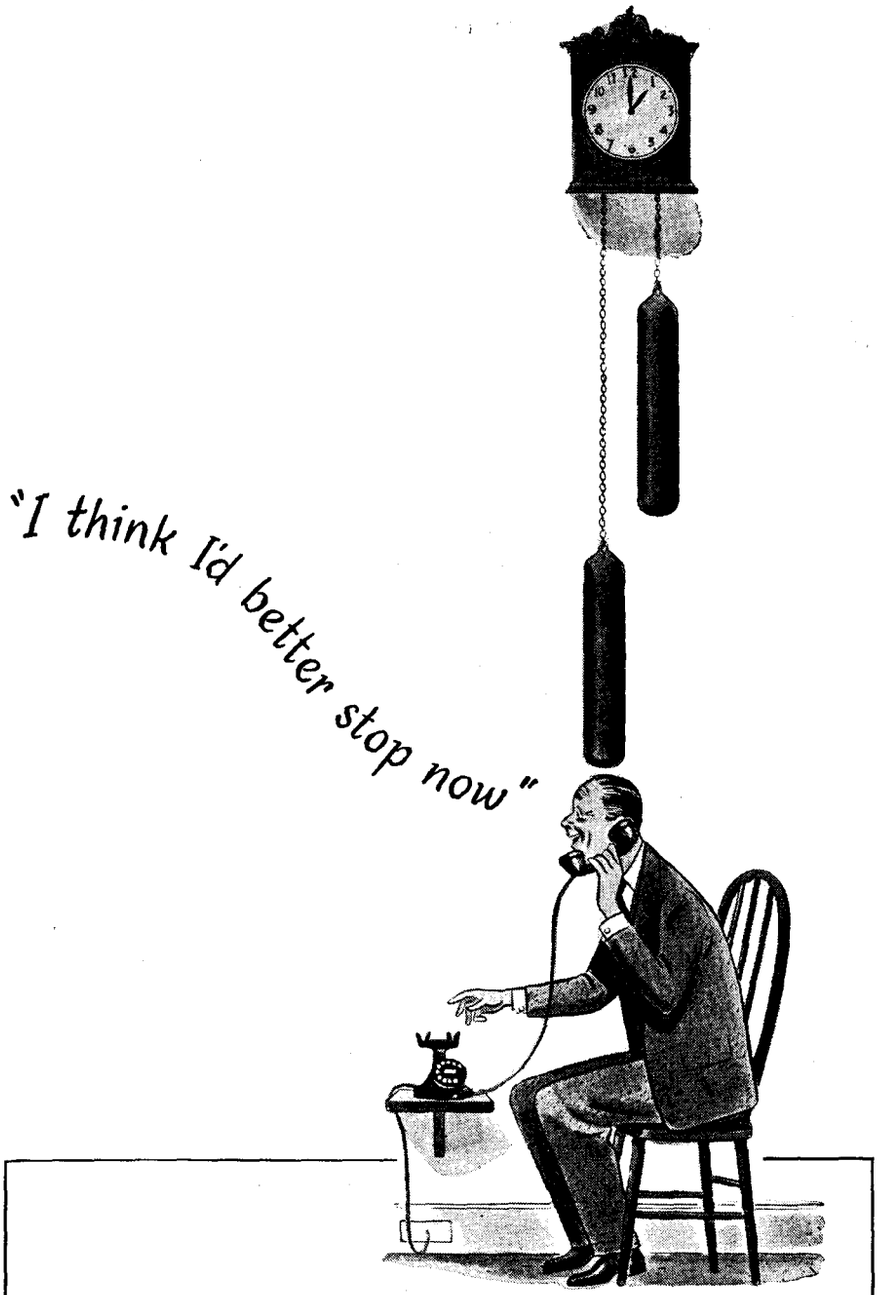
presents such a Southern plantation as eye hath not seen since David Selznick built Twelve Oaks on Grand Central proportions. Not that Mrs. Gaither had indulged in hyberbole; her Shandy plantation, in the rich lowlands of Mississippi, is entirely credible as to size, vast though its surrounding fields were, and tilled by so many slaves that, in the section, people said when they spoke of large numbers, "as many as Ward Dalton's got niggers." But, for entirely legitimate purposes, she had assembled on this one plantation every advantage for which a lucky slave might hope. Dalton was the kindest of masters, his wife (Miss Treasy) was the most solicitous of mistresses. The slaves were allowed to learn to read and write, to accumulate money, to own horses of their own. Shandy's yield was abundant, and the slaves were abundantly awarded.

Mrs. Gaither has given us the model plantation of the 1830's, which was her obvious intention. And into the scene she introduces Adam Fiske, Maine schoolmaster, to observe it without prejudice. His anticipations are optimistic, his first impressions favorable. A feeling of menace he attributes to his imagination and to the unfamiliar lushness of the moss-hung forests. Adam is not inquisitive and he is inclined to take Shandy plantation and the township of the Forks, on the Mississippi River, for granted. But there is no need to seek evidence that Shandy is not, after all, "the Eden of plantations." The very qualities which lift a slave above his fellows filled him with unrest, led him to dream, and to plot an uprising against the whites.

The conspiracy is doomed from its inception, but its suppression is bloody and cruel. It terrorizes the countryside. It turns the aristocratic white from assurance to arrogance, shows his partialities, his misconceptions of the social order he has created. Whites of a lower order, envious and bitter, exploit the situation for their special purposes. Scores of innocent slaves are tortured. Cruelty replaces kindliness, treachery succeeds loyalty.

Mrs. Gaither tells us what we all know—that slavery was an anachronism before it was abolished. But she tells it with sharp interest, and an encompassing sympathy. Some of her characters are standard in plantation fiction, but that too is a part of her scheme. The indulgent master and the hard-riding young bloods, the lovely Southern girl and the obsequious slave are essential to her demonstration that the slave plantation, even during the period of its economic success, was a failure in its unreconcilable combination of human values.



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HOW HIGH WILL THE PRICE BE?

(*Continued from page* 6)

of wisdom. For without the content of wisdom their works do not endure. Their children will recognize, if they do not themselves, that their books are without meaning. Their music quickly becomes harsh and tiresome to the ear, their paintings provide at most an initial sensation, their philosophies become the expression of passing fads and popular passions. When people are no longer in a state of grace they fall away from good goverment, so that even their political systems, however ingeniously contrived and administered, cannot endure. The result is an accelerating series of catastrophes, chaos, and the descent to barbarism. The habitation, in the long run, will be no better than the man.

At some stage in this downward progress of ours we shall have to recognize that deserving comes first. At some stage we must cease to believe that the fault is in some other man or some other nation and not in ourselves; or that, if it is in ourselves, it is simply a failure of technical ingenuity or a lapse from political astuteness. I see no sign of such recognition today, as we prepare ourselves for another opportunity to build a world in which freedom reigns. Listen to the words of our leaders, in every country, and what do we hear but the same old promises that the governments of the future will, more than ever, be exclusively dedicated to raising the standard of living of the peoples. After this war, they promise again, and for a thousand years to come, men shall have more automobiles and more radios, better housing and less labor, larger schools and greater hospitals, higher wages and higher prices, more opportunity for every man to get rich. We shall proceed immediately to rebuild the Tower of Babel, and this time, we promise, it shall be higher than ever before.

We, as men, are subject to moral principles. The knowledge of good and evil imposes obligations that we are free to disavow, in the long run, only at the cost of our humanity. It has therefore been the paramount study of mankind to learn from its own experience what these obligations are. The products of this study are the basic truths contained in those storehouses of accumulated wisdom, the classics. These truths have been tested by time and have endured because generation after generation has found them to accord with its own direct experience of man and nature. Thus they come down to us today, clothed in no mystic or arbitrary authority, but in the great democratic authority of the generations of mankind.

For many years now we have been readjusting our education to the debased new concept we have of ourselves as excessively clever primates. We have been finding wisdom increasingly unnecessary as our emphasis on trained technicians and administrators has increased. More and more advocates have been found for the view that a knowledge of the classics is useless, at best an ornament, that an education designed to acquaint men with the best thought of their predecessors is a luxury that we can no longer afford if we are to give our undivided attention to our material objectives. When our civilization needs the guidance of wisdom as never before to ride out the flood that threatens to engulf it, we are planning to dump all that is left of wisdom to make room for the technical skills which by themselves cannot save us.

Thus we are confronted today with the prospect of new generations that will be wholly out of touch with the heritage of the past, just as the later generations of Romans lost touch with the classical wisdom that was their heritage. They will be skilled in the simian accomplishments, but they will have no wisdom. The verdict of wise men and the example of history, as well as the evidence of our own times, does not allow it to be believed that they will have wealth rather than poverty, security rather than danger, and order instead of chaos, for all that these are the objectives to which every other consideration is being sacrificed. We do well to remember, at this juncture of our history, the period that we have called the Dark Ages because the light of traditional human wisdom had been reduced to some few feeble sparks, hidden away and barely kept alive in the shelter and isolation of the monasteries. Men had to return to the earth and be humbled before they achieved their spiritual rebirth. The tragedy of our own times is that it seems we shall again have to learn, in darkness and anguish, the prophetic meaning of a question that the Romans did not heed: "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

From Pushkin to Gorky

A TREASURY OF GREAT RUSSIAN SHORT STORIES: PUSHKIN TO GORKY. Edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 1018 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

MR. YARMOLINSKY'S anthology is timely not alone because of the present interest in Soviet Russia but for the reason of the speed with which one can read some of the tales. They are invaluable entertainment and instruction at this hectic period of our activities, particularly for those who have no leisure to get involved in the reading of a novel. Some of the stories can be read in less than twenty minutes, on the run so to say, yet the glimpse into the life and psychology of the Russian people is extremely rewarding. Of course, the volume contains longer narratives, some of them no doubt known to the readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature.* They will stand rereading.

The range is as wide as the Russian landscape. Mr. Yarmolinsky begins with Russia's greatest poet and first realist, Alexander Pushkin. "The Queen of Spades" is a favorite anthology piece, but the macabre tale, "The Undertaker," though in a sense of the same genre, is not familiar. Equally popular is Gogol's "The Overcoat," which is more familiar to the English reading public as "The Cloak." It is supplemented by a less known piece, "Old-World Landowners." Together they convey a good idea of Gogol's realism and the Russia of his period. Turgeniev is particularly well represented. All the six stories are well chosen but "The Singers," "Moomoo," and particularly "Old Portraits" are superb. In "Old Portraits" this great realist and unsurpassed artist is at his best. One always reads this tale with a glow of satisfaction. Turgeniev is unlike Dostoievsky in giving us a varied picture of the Russian scene. "Moomoo" and "A Lear of the Steppes" are quite unlike the "Old Portraits," but all of them are deeply Russian.

The stories from Dostoievsky are just as realistic but they are more of a piece and lack the variations and shading of Turgeniev. "An Honest Thief" is an excellent example of the author's deep sympathy for every kind of life's failures.

In the Tolstoy tales the reader will be able to trace the young genius in "Sevastopol," and his hate for regimentation and cruelty as revealed in "After the Ball." Chekhov is represented by no less than twenty-five stories. He is, of course, Russia's master short story teller in the matter of actual output, in his marvelous brevity, and last, but

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not least, his inimitable humor. It is Chekhov's stories and not his plays, as many assume, that make him immortal.

Maxim Gorky contributes four tales, among them the charming "Twenty-six Men and Girl" which some American readers may remember as "Twenty-six and One." The volume also contains Korolenko's "Makar's Dream," Kuprin's "Gambrinus," and two tales by Leskov. With a few regrettable exceptions such as Lermontov and Goncharoff all the giants are represented. The pre-1917 canvas is complete. Here the reader will find every shade of Russian life, compassion, mysticism, cruelty, all the good and bad qualities that man is heir to.

If the editor has made no place in this 1000-page volume for the Soviet period it must be for reasons other than lack of material. Soviet Russia has produced some excellent short stories. In conclusion, this reviewer cannot refrain from once more expressing unstinted admiration for the classic translations of Constance Garnett which make up the bulk of the volume. She is beyond question the greatest of all our translators in her genius for blending the authentic Russian spirit and atmosphere with smooth English idiom.

"Escape" to Tennessee

THE WOMEN ON THE PORCH. By Caroline Gordon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 316 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

FOR those who love fine and evocative writing, the kind of writing that reaches surely to the springs of individuality at the same time that it ranges far out to the periphery of experience, this novel of Caroline Gordon's will prove a rare treat. For the sake of the things they will find in it, they will forgive its limitations, the fact, for example, that the story it tells is very slight and that even this slight tale is told neither consecutively nor thoroughly. Catherine Chapman, having discovered her husband's infidelity, flees to her ancestral home in Tennessee, where she lives for a time with her grandmother and aunt. Here she reestablishes her family kinship, has a brief amorous encounter with her cousin, and is finally reunited with her husband, Jim, who comes down from New York. That is the story, peeping in and out of the book like a meandering stream going nowhere, or, better, like a convenient thread, unimportant in itself, with which to tie up the observations, the personalities, the dreams and streams of personality, the brilliant single strokes of poetic realization that make up the book.

Miss Gordon does not subscribe to the theory of minor characters. She lavishes upon each of hers, from Catherine and Jim to a casual walk-on like Bob Upchurch, a poet-critic with whom Jim has some drinks (Upchurch is recognizable if you read the magazine he writes for), the ultimate powers of her perception. They live from within, in exact, unmistakable integrity. We know them by the way they react to things and words, the phrases that run through their minds, the things they remember, and the private rhythm of these words and memories, each a matchless blend. More homage to Joyce. We are reminded of someone else, too, by the thought that comes to us sometimes, that we know these people so well but might never recognize them on the street. It is inner knowing, in the black of consciousness—without the comfortable recognizance of flesh and bone to cling to. You had this feeling about the characters of D. H. Lawrence.

These are literary affinities. Miss Gordon's poetry is her own, contained sometimes in a sentence, loosed sometimes in a sustained lyricism, as when she lets a character speak in solitude, the grandmother remembering her life, or when she ends chapters as she likes to, in full poetic resonance. I have marked particularly the closings of Chapters 9, 13, 15, 17. These are some of her more apparent effects, but every page is somehow marked with her devotion to the craft of writing, and, beyond that, with her feeling for the secret, flourishing life of the mind. This, her sixth novel, makes it imperative to see her others, past and future.

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War in a Legend-Haunted Land

THE LABYRINTH. By Cecil Roberts. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 278 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

NEARLY twenty years before Sylvia Day goes to Crete to join her brother the archeologist, an odd business has happened in Tunis. Carlotta von Kleber, an Englishwoman married to an Austrian aristocrat, is in despair because of her childlessness, which is her husband's fault. She is attracted and attractive to an English author, Randell Dunning; and becomes his mistress for a week or so in order to give her impotent husband an heir. She leaves Dunning, has a son, and dies in childbirth. This son, believed by Franz von Kleber to be his own, knows nothing of his origin, and lives long enough to become a German aviator in this war; he is badly wounded when he bales out over Crete, and is nursed by Sylvia Day in her secret rallying-post for the Cretan and British guerrillas. She cures him of the worst Nazi doctrines, and he is killed in saving Sylvia and her colleagues.

Why Mr. Cecil Roberts has cumbered his vivid narrative of the Cretan disaster with this episode is never explained. The first fifty pages of this book are not, in themselves, at all an unpromising sketch, especially in the mildly satirical portrait of a complacent cad, Dunning; but they are irrelevant and otiose to the main theme. Young Franz, the ardent Nazi, who inherits the insensitiveness of both his parents, never learns that he has no German blood; nothing at all is done about his origin, except that he tells Sylvia of a meeting he had with his unknown father in England, between wars. It is true he detests Dunning's radio talks very violently; but no obscure perverted filial affection need be brought in to excuse a rather stupid young German soldier disliking the B.B.C. propaganda.

Those who wish to enjoy "The Labyrinth" will be well advised to ignore the story altogether. It would, it is true, need a far greater novelist than Cecil Roberts to invent romantic characters who could stand up against the power and heroism of the months of the Cretan battle. Sylvia, Janet Farr, young Wheatley, Franz, Harry the Cockney, Richard Day—they are all two-dimensional. They are prettily technicolored; but there's no life in them that can stand beside the tremendous wind of events.

In his account of the air-raids, of the desperate escapes and sorties, of the incredible gallantry of peasant and priest, of Cretan, Greek, and Briton, Mr. Roberts is at home, and writes not unworthily of one of the greatest struggles of the Mediterranean campaign. In these pages the old war-correspondent is back again; the reporter who, as a young man in the last war, won recognition and applause from such stalwarts as H. W. Nevinson and Philip Gibbs. There is so strong a reality in the account of the Cretan rising, and the war that went on after Freyberg's withdrawal, that the reader can feel he is looking at that strange legend-haunted land, watching the children of Zeus, the subjects of old Minos fight doggedly for the great tradition against the barbarians.

—*Kurt Pantz*

Cecil Roberts

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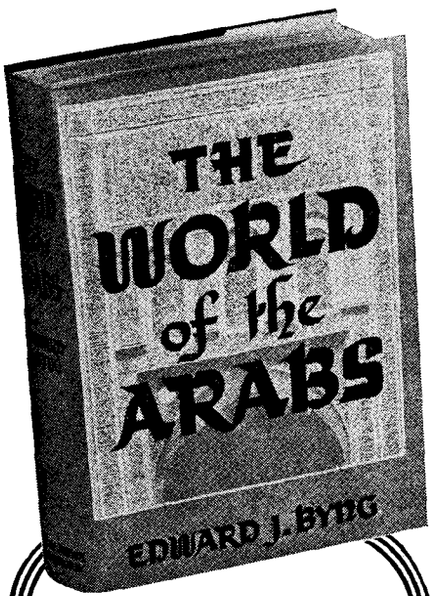

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The Phoenix Nest

THE nation is, at this juncture—and we face the day of the Invasion of Hitler's Festung Europa—unable to remove a blot from its escutcheon, namely the Poll Tax, which is contrary to the spirit of our Constitution and contrary to our republican form of government, but which is defended with tooth and nail by the adamant representatives from the eight states of Polltaxia. These states are Georgia (which has always had a Poll Tax), Alabama, South Carolina, Virginia, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Tennessee. In Tennessee the tax was briefly suspended. In the seven other states sixty-nine representatives were elected with an average of less than ten thousand votes being cast in each election. Contrasted with this, seven free voting states, with the same total population, also elected sixty-nine representatives, with an average of 89,000 votes cast in each election. Furthermore, "the sixty-nine representatives of Polltaxia were every one elected by from one to twelve per cent of their constituents. Eight of them enjoy the 'distinction' of having been elected by only one per cent of their people: Cox and Pace of Georgia; Whittington of Mississippi; and Fulmer, Hare, Bryson, Richards, and Macmillan of South Carolina." That is the situation. The Representatives of Polltaxia, with the threat of filibuster [Isn't it high time that the principle of "unlimited" debate on any issue be amended to prevent these un-American exhibitions!] has got a stranglehold on our Government, which we had believed to be "of the people, by the people, for the people." In Polltaxia, ten million people of the United States of America have to pay before they can vote. Of these six million are whites, four million are Negroes. Even having paid their tax to vote, the Negroes are now in many cases denied any right to vote in white primaries. *Life* has published pictures of them being turned away from the polls. Do you love Democracy, brother? Do you, indeed! Will you fight for Democracy, brother? Yes, the Negroes are fighting for Democracy, even though they have no vote in its processes. Do you think that is Democracy, brother? Do you, indeed!

Read the May, 1944 issue of *Survey Graphic,* the article by Stetson Kennedy on page 239, called "3.2 Democracy in the South," from which I have taken data for the above. Also, to dispel any feeling that I am one of those violently anti-Southern New Englanders for which a very young and very angry Washington letter-writer recently took me, I may say that I would attack this utterly anti-American manifestation no matter in what part of the country it was situated. As a matter of well-known fact I am half-Southern, my father's side of the family having come from Flor-

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MODIFIERS RAMPANT

A. C. Palmer, of Pomfret Center, Connecticut, this week offers you twenty peculiar combinations of adjective and noun. Can you match each combination with the name of the poet who used it? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 50 is par, 60 is very good, 70 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 29.

1. Ancestral voices.	( ) William Blake.
2. Antique land.	( ) Robert Burns.
3. Crowded hour.	( ) Lewis Carroll.
4. Darker drink.	( ) Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
5. Dolorous pitch.	( ) Ralph Waldo Emerson.
6. Fearful symmetry.	( ) Edward Fitzgerald.
7. Frabjous day.	( ) Oliver Goldsmith.
8. Frolic architecture.	( ) Thomas Gray.
9. Hastening ills.	( ) Thomas Hood.
10. Hyacinth hair.	( ) John Keats.
11. Iron clothing.	( ) Edward Lear.
12. Madding crowd.	( ) Christopher Marlowe.
13. Magic casements.	( ) John Milton.
14. Mercenary bard.	( ) Thomas Moore.
15. Oozy locks.	( ) Edgar Allan Poe.
16. Runcible spoon.	( ) Edwin Arlington Robinson.
17. Stilly night.	( ) Sir Walter Scott.
18. Topless towers.	( ) Percy Bysshe Shelley.
19. Untrodden ways.	( ) Alfred Tennyson.
20. Wrinkled sea.	( ) William Wordsworth.

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ida and Kentucky. (And, by the way, more power to you, Senator Pepper, and a long political life to you!) I no more believe that the Representatives from Polltaxia are truly representative of the real new, young, and fighting South, than I believe that a slug is the chief adornment of a beautiful garden.

Earle Walbridge wins the diamond-studded hanging-lamp (imaginary!) for having spotted the Curzon translation as of Wordsworth's "Poem: Founded on the Affections," No. VIII. which ends,

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

I thank Dorothy G. Schwal of Brooklyn also for her postal on the subject, while one anonymous from Manchester, Connecticut, opines:

Wordsworth thought Lucy cuter
O Willyum Rose Benét,
But you must be astuter
To compete with E.S.K.

Relative to *The Times* obit. on William Ellery Leonard, Walbridge supplies, "Remember that Sir Edmund Gosse called Beowulf, 'The spoiled child of English scholarship.'"

The creator of "Krazy Kat," George Herriman, died the end of April. His comic strip was pure genius. They say that he started as a housepainter, but after falling from a ladder and spilling a bucket of paint over himself he decided he would rather be a cartoonist "and deal with smaller quantities of coloring matter." Another well-known housepainter decided that he, also, would change his profession, but that he would deal in even more profuse quantities of coloring matter and that it would all be blood-red. Herriman *vs.* Hitler. One a Boon to the Human Race, one its greatest Curse of all time!

Over Walnut Ridge, Arkansas, on a bright July day last summer, twenty-two-year-old Aviation Cadet Arthur Henry Stein, Jr., met death training to serve his country in war. He was a sportsman and a hunter. His knowledge of wild life is recorded in the journals he kept of hunting and fishing experiences. "The record ends," says Helen Hay Heyl, who writes me about him, "less than two months before the Dartmouth College Air Corps Unit, of which Arthur was a member, was called to active duty by the United States Army. It was begun while he was a student at Albany Academy. [My old school. It should be proud of him.—Ed.] There are more than fifty poems in the collection of which the enclosed represent a sampling of the war verse." I am glad to print here Cadet Stein's:

RED DAWN BEFORE THE STORM

In this red dawn before the final storm,
In this great trial and preparation day,
The world at morning wonders in what form
Our death shall come. Yet turns the other way
With hopes still high, and proudly borne the head
Above the tumult of a dying age,
And stern before the millions of the dead,
Turns in life's book another fearful page.

I thank Benjamin North of Brooklyn for the following:

When a Congressman calls you, or anybody else, a "Communist," he's saying you're "pot-bellied" or "cock-eyed" or "a flat head," except that he's saying it in a word that bears the dignity requisite to utterance on the floor of Congress, unless his name is Rankin, and then his words don't need dignity. Don't become frightened. He doesn't mean that you're a member of the Communist Party, and you needn't explain and apologize. Words mean different things to different people. "Communist" to a Congressman means somebody who disagrees with him, somebody who criticizes him, somebody who shows him up. John Steinbeck tells us that to a boss "Communist" means a worker who wants thirty cents an hour when he wants to pay twenty-five. So when a nice fat Congressman calls you a name, you call him one right back. It's your privilege as an American. You don't have to give out with an autobiography with explanatory notes. If, however, you

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—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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would continue in the high place you hold in my estimation, continue with the stuff you have been writing, the stuff that will incite more and more people to call you "an old fossil," "a moron," "a pug-nosed poetaster," or just "a jerk," even though they may all sound like "Communist."

Harcourt, Brace & Company, publishers of "The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens," say there's a Liberty ship now at sea called the *Lincoln Steffens*. Good news! It was launched some time ago at Wilmington, Delaware; but even Ella Winter, Steffens's widow, didn't know about it until a friend of Steffens's joined the Merchant Marine.

I thank Florence Jackson Stoddard of Washington, D. C., for her support of my remarks concerning Senator Maybanks' attitude toward "inalienable rights" for Negroes. She says:

> As we, in Washington, are also disfranchised—and resent it—we know that the disgrace of keeping the Nation's Capital citizens in the condition of "aliens, idiots, and minors," is the fault of the kind of men who wish to impose such disgrace upon our Service men and the colored people who are, as we are, Americans born. While I am Southern born myself and of old Southern ancestry, I am ashamed of the South or of any part of the Union that can stultify the meaning of the "Rights of Man."

G. A. Garrett, of New York City, thanks me for:

> Plain talk on the soldier vote swindle. Here is one of the most bare-faced frauds in all American political history . . . and except for the *very* restrained *Times* editorial, and an only parenthetical "shyster" in an *H.T.* editorial, the Press has simply winked at it or connived in it. . . . When the ones defrauded, however, are soldiers who must pit their bodies—not just their wits—against a formidable foe, such cynicism is particularly obnoxious and nauseating.

Robert H. Leopold of Georgia's reaction has been:

> The longer the war lasts, the longer I remain in the Army, the longer I observe the selfish, indifferent attitude of some Americans towards the American soldier, the more insistent the question, "What are we fighting for?"

Just think it over, Legislators of America!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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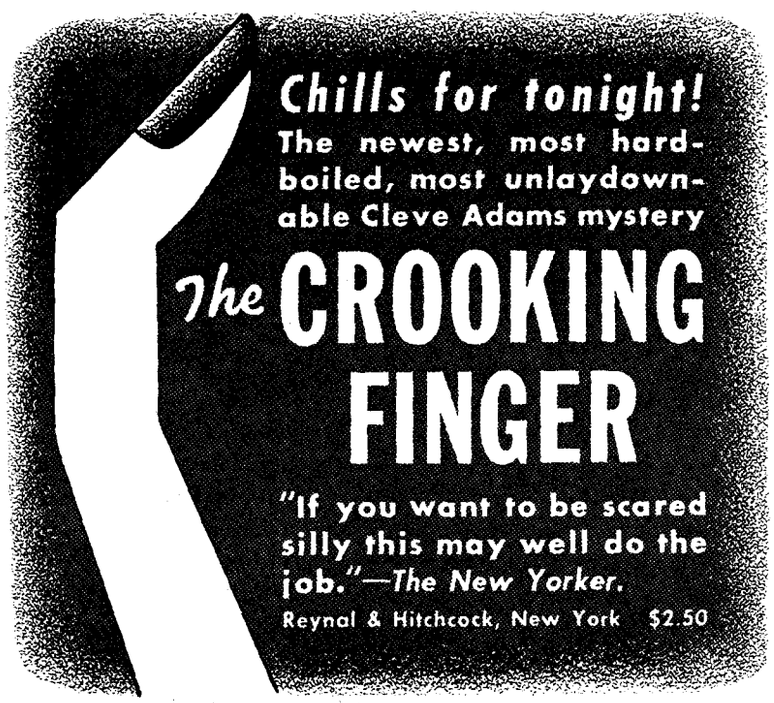
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EDITORIALS

(*Continued from page* 15)

lege Widow," not at all a mythical character! These latter were Ade's plays without music; but not exactly sober-sided.

Ade remained a bachelor and got him a farm within fifteen miles of his birthplace. He always loved the theatre, and disliked people who took themselves too seriously. Later on, he wrote some moving-pictures. He didn't like to be a "mossback" or a "has-been"—slang—he liked to read the latest books, and he knew the words and music of all the old popular songs by heart. He liked to see people having a good time, and disliked listening to speeches. Carl Van Doren has called him one of the "American vernacular philosophers."

He "started something"—slang about slang. In 1902, young Wallace Irwin published a collection of technically perfect sonnets in slang, the slang of that day. They were called "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." There were also little books by other hands purporting to be the slangy philosophies of Billy Baxter and John Henry. Later on John V. A. Weaver wrote poems in a later vernacular, and, as I have said, Henry Mencken took the whole matter up in a large way.

Men around sixty remember George Ade's first books as one of the delights of their youth. They learned sadly of his death the other day. The slang in which he wrote has been superseded by the grotesqueries of our own day, but its bloom has not faded. He was one of the first to recognize the American genius for coining picturesque phrase and expression that "cut to plot" unerringly. Indiana has had many a famous son. The Hoosier contribution to American literature is a notable one. Among these George Ade stands modestly in the front rank—a pioneer also in that distinctively American form of entertainment, the comedy of rapid-fire dialogue and appropriate music.

W. R. B.

FREDERICK FAUST

WHEN Frederick Faust died last week in a burst of artillery fire on the Garigliano front, the country lost much more than the successful writer of popular fiction and the organizer of moving-picture victory, whom the press inaccurately and insufficiently described. His productiveness and ingenuity in both fields were, of course, fabulous and colossal. If recollection serves, he had eleven pseudonyms. Probably no writer of the

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times was so prolific or so adroit in catching and holding the attention of multitudes. But his strange gift, which he himself regarded with a magnificent indifference, was only one of the extraordinary aspects of his vehement and delightful character.

Generous as a Renaissance prince, with a capacity for friendship that went beyond imagination, Frederick Faust, to me, was poetry incarnate. He lived, moved, and had his being in, for, and because of it. His legions of romances were written so that he might have leisure to seek poetry and pursue it. And no man had prepared himself more strenuously for the great discipline. Homer, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare were part and essence of his mind. They impregnated his thought and gave it power and color. Long after he left college he learned Greek so as to read the epics in the original. And it was comic to see his effect on highbrows, who perhaps were inclined to patronize a writer of pulp fiction. They remained to pray, having discovered a man who knew the whole reality of what they incompletely understood.

The writing of verse was to him a sacred art. It came before everything else, quite literally. For his incredible life was lived on these terms. Every morning he worked like a lapidary at his poetry till he was weary. In the afternoon, when he had fagged himself out, he pounded out the three or four thousand words, necessary, as one of his friends observed, for bread and circuses. Both were liberally shared with others. He must have put dozens of young men through college, he supported an army of unemployables, and a dinner with him left one with the impression of "having feasted with Lucullus and Plato."

Some perfectionist demon prevented him from publishing much verse and indeed induced him to destroy a great part of what he wrote. He threw in the fire a ten-thousand line epic, because he felt it did not reach the Himalayan height he required. Only two little volumes survive. The first, published before his familiar spirit grew hypercritical, is immature. But the stately "Dionysus in Hades," though it pleased not the million, is "nobly planned, nobly felt, nobly written." A friend, as Faust was never tired of saying, is perhaps not the proper judge, but that poem held for the promise of the splendid, now denied us.

There is little enough to be said when a superb nature and a superb talent passes, and passes in the heroic way. No words will do what is needed. But we have lost a poet, a great man of letters, and a great man.

LEONARD BACON.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Coleridge: "Kubla Khan." 2. Shelley: "Ozymandias." 3. Scott: "Old Mortality." 4. Fitzgerald: "The Rubaiyat." 5. Hood: "The Song of the Shirt." 6. Blake: "The Tiger." 7. Carroll: "Jabberwocky." 8. Emerson: "The Snowstorm." 9. Goldsmith: "The Deserted Village." 10. Poe: "To Helen." 11. Robinson: "Miniver Cheevy." 12. Gray: "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." 13. Keats: "Ode to a Nightingale." 14. Burns: "The Cotter's Saturday Night." 15. Milton: "Lycidas." 16. Lear: "The Owl and the Pussycat." 17. Moore: "Oft in the Stilly Night." 18. Marlowe: "Doctor Faustus." 19. Wordsworth: "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways." 20. Tennyson: "The Eagle."

The Criminal Record

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MR. ANGEL COMES ABOARD *C. G. Booth* (Crime Club: $2.)	American girl reporter meets hardboiled gang of ship-scuttlers, etc., in Cuba and Caribbean.	Plenty of action, at sea and in Havana cabarets, etc., with a cold-blooded but personable young detective and ample excitement.	Up to snuff
NIGHTS CLOAK *E. R. Punshon* (Macmillan: $2.)	Sleuth with relative in House of Lords has difficult time solving English country house killing.	Background and characters deftly portrayed. Detective a likable and pain-staking person. Plot is air-tight.	Very best British brand
SO MUCH BLOOD *Zelda Popkin* (Lippincott: $2.)	Navy medico, invalided home from Pacific front, encounters one murder and almost successful attempt in ship-builder's home.	Interesting data on effects of "rotted clover" drug, nasty lot of characters, well-concealed killer, and effective climax.	Good

PERSONALS

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(Please turn to next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 29*)

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PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

KENNETH C. McINTOSH, Captain, Navy Supply Corps School, Harvard University, is our latest tyro. Long a contributing crossword puzzler, he was introduced to DCs by a younger member of his staff. Whereupon he tried his hand at composition with the following articulate conclusion:

The lady who makes one of these each week
Has my respectful, awe-struck admiration.
To make this one has left me, so to speak,
In the last stages of acute prostration.
I thought that framing crosswords was a chore,
But all I can say now is "Nevermore!"

To test Captain McIntosh's constancy I sent him a copy of Series 15 from a fund a generous business man of Iowa, who wishes to remain anonymous, sent me for the Armed Forces.

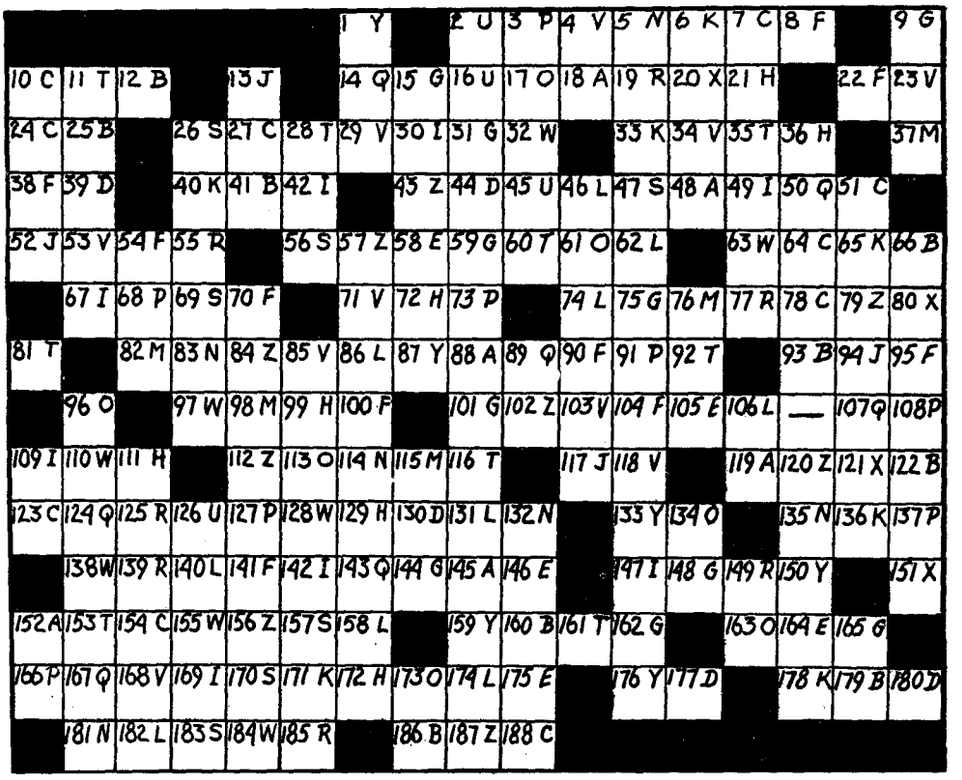
To me it is of special significance to hear from business men addicted to DCs. Our old friend Louis Blake Duff, President of the Niagara Finance Company, Ltd., Welland, Canada, takes me thus to task: "I hope your eternal salvation does not hinge on your definition of a swath as a windrow of cut grass or grain. Being a city woman you would get that out of a book. (I copied it from WNI!) For many years I have been exceedingly intimate with swaths and windrows in their native lairs. With us the swath is the row of cut grass or grain as it falls from the decapitating implement. The windrow is raked up swaths in rows that extend from one side of the field to the other. If Stephen Leacock were here I am sure he would endorse my view. The DC in which *swath* is embedded was a particularly nasty one with the four corners of the earth raked for obscurities. But early in the struggle *Stephen* began to emerge. The DC is an excellent fortification for keeping the world out." (In the Catskills where as a girl in summers I played at garnering hay and milking cows with the farmers, they never spoke of *windrows*.)

What has become, I wonder, of the Joseph Grandfield who sent us such complete reports of timing DCs? No word has come from him for months, not even in reply to a query as to his status.

I am seeking time to read "Wait for Mrs. Willard," a first novel by Dorothy Langley of Chicago, better known for her short stories and poems; for she has sent me a copy as a reward for time spent by her on DCs.

The explanation I gave in the use of the word *dugong*, coming as it did in the column of the same week as the DC containing the word, is amusing and pertinent evidence of my statement that, as a rule, I do not know which DC the *SRL* will publish in what issue!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 531

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 24 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Full of knots; crossgrained.

B. The traitor at Thermopylae (480 B.C.)

C. Beyond the assigned goal or limit (3 wds.)

D. To convert into something concrete or objective, as space, time.

E. A carved figure or character incised or in relief (Archaeol.)

F. Cretan philosopher and poet of legend of fifty-seven years' sleep.

G. Norwegian explorer of tenth century who named Greenland.

H. The course of things taken together (2 wds.)

I. Really; as a fact (2 wds.)

J. British historian born in India, of Oxford University (1860-).

K. State of leaving a valid will (Law).

L. In a state of reversed values, etc. (comp.)

M. Name of two Kings of Sweden.

N. Hulled corn (Local U. S.)

O. A pretender to inspiration.

P. Gaunt; having little flesh.

Q. Declamation of a noisy, exciting, exaggerated sort.

R. By snatches or intervals (colloq.; 2 wds.)

S. Joseph's younger son (Bib.)

T. Mongol conqueror, 14th Cent. (called the "Prince of Destruction").

U. A digestive secretion; choler.

V. To rid oneself of; evade (2 wds.)

W. Historical novel by Scott (with *The*).

X. Bones (Anat. and Zool.)

Y. A *Proviso* of 1846 concerning the purchase of land from Mexico (U. S. Hist.)

Z. Expounders; explainers.

WORDS

18	145	88	119	48	152				
25	122	179	160	93	186	12	41	66	
123	7	27	24	188	10	64	51	78	154
44	180	130	177	39					
146	105	175	58	164					
8	104	141	22	100	38	90	95	70	54
165	148	144	31	9	162	75	59	15	101
129	72	21	111	99	172	36			
109	142	49	169	147	30	67	42		
117	52	13	94						
178	6	65	33	136	171	40			
174	86	74	62	106	131	182	140	46	158
98	115	82	37	76					
181	83	135	5	114	132				
96	113	134	173	17	61	163			
73	68	108	127	91	137	3	166		
14	107	124	89	167	50	143			
19	185	125	139	149	55	77			
56	26	157	69	47	170	183			
161	11	153	60	28	81	35	92	116	
2	126	16	45						
85	34	53	168	71	4	103	23	29	118
32	155	63	128	138	97	184	110		
20	151	121	80						
159	1	87	150	176	133				
120	57	43	187	84	102	79	156	112	

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